

Maine Farmer

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"OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN."

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No. 40.

Maine Farmer.

Will our subscribers send in postal card reports of their apple crop?

"Put more manure on less land," says an exchange. Our motto—work more land and manure it liberally.

Mr. E. K. Whitney, Harrison, has several colonies of bees from stock captured in the "woods" eighty years since by Mrs. Whitney's father, Mark Caswell.

Now, from this time to the later harvest, improvements will be in order. See to it that the needed pastures get a share of attention. A great trouble with our pastures is that owners are trying to continue them indefinitely without giving them any labor.

The Sheep Breeder says that experience the past winter in feeding sheep and lambs for sale in the spring, has been that bean straw is worth fifty per cent. more than clover hay. This is a fact worth noting in connection with the many recommendations of beans as a farm crop to be grown on an extensive scale.

I have a cow that gives blood from one test and has for two weeks. Can any one prescribe a remedy? So, CHINA.

We know of no direct or infallible cure for such a trouble. Such a difficulty comes from different causes in different cows, and of course calls for different treatment accordingly. Bathe the affected quarter of the udder freely with tepid water night and morning.

What provision has been made for finishing off the later and the lighter of the lambs of the flock that they may command the top price later on? Crops of the right kind are needed for this special purpose. One great fault with attempts at keeping sheep and growing lambs is a lack of well defined plans to meet the peculiar wants of this particular kind of stock. Successful husbandry cannot be carried on after the go-as-you-please plan.

The Jersey cow Mona Carrd 75770, owned by C. M. Sweet, Aurora, N. Y., was recently tested with the following results:

	MILK.	BUTTER.
	lbs. oz.	lbs. oz.
First seven days.....	345 8	21 8 1/2
Second seven days.....	349 12	24 13 1/2
Third seven days.....	360 4	23 15
Fourth seven days.....	362 4	25 7 1/4
Totals for 28 days.....	1416 12	95 1/4

The reliability of this test was tested by the Babcock, and figured by the World's Fair rule showed 101.4 pounds of butter. Do you say the churn did not secure all the butter? Rather say that arithmetic got more butter than the churn.

An exchange in extolling the importance of modern dairy schools speak of those who stay at school eight months and master both butter and cheese making. "Don't lead any one to believe this work can be mastered" in study and practice during a few short months! There will always be more to learn. The combined study and the long practice of all who have been connected with this work have not yet mastered the problems encountered in the handling of milk in the process of making butter and cheese. Much progress has been made of late, but thoughtful workers find much that is still pressing for the light of further knowledge.

PROPORTION OF FARMERS FALLING OFF.

The proportion of farmers, as compared with the rest of the people, has been gradually but surely falling off in the country at large. This is plainly apparent from observation alone, but is also shown by the census statistics tell the story plainly. In 1880, farmers made up more than half the population of the State. In 1870 they were 47 per cent., and in 1860, 44 per cent. According to the last census they have fallen off to about 40 per cent. Whether this rapid decline in proportionate numbers is now going on at a like rate may be doubted, though probably no very marked change has taken place.

This showing, while numerically it is against the farmers as a class, yet in reality it is to the advantage of those who are in the business of farming. The larger the proportion of non-producers the better for the business, for it gives less competition and a larger proportion of consumers. While the farmer feeds all the less numbers there are growing the products on which they live, the greater will be the amount of money the grower will receive.

There are two principal causes for this decreasing proportion of farmers among us. One is the great drift from the farming towns to the cities everywhere going on. Added to this is the fact that the larger proportion of the fresh emigrants bring up in the cities.

The second cause is that the needed soil products, both direct and indirect, are produced with far less individual labor than was formerly the case. While much is said of the revolution in mechanical industries brought about by the introduction of machinery in place of manual labor, it is a fact that the changes in bringing forth and furnishing the world with the products of the soil have

been little if any less marked, and that this introduction of machinery has displaced as large a proportion of laborers in farming as in manufactures. This falling off, then, of the proportion of farmers in no sense indicates a falling off of production. Statistics prove this. The facts in the case is that this forty per cent. of farmers are feeding the people as well, yes, better, far better than the fifty per cent. did in 1880. Thus this less proportion of farmers at the present time are actually accomplishing more than the formerly large numbers engaged in the business.

FIGHTING THE HORN FLY.

Among our own stock the horn fly is not yet as numerous as last year. There are plenty of them at large, however, and complaints come in from various directions of their serious menace to cattle. Clarence M. Weed, of the New Hampshire experiment station claims, that most cattle owners will endorse, that the most satisfactory way of preventing the attacks of the pest is to apply to the cattle some substance that will serve as a repellent. His experiments with a number of materials have shown that the best results are secured from the use of a cheap oil—such as fish oil or crude cotton seed oil—to which a small amount of carbolic acid or pine tar has been added. This applied lightly to the cattle by means of a paint brush, sponge or even a woolen cloth drives off the flies, and in his experience remains in a condition to keep them off for about a week.

The following are his recipes for making the mixture:

- Crude cotton seed oil, or fish oil..... 3 Parts.
- Fine tar..... 1 Part.

Crude cotton seed oil, or fish oil..... 100 Parts.
Crude carbolic acid..... 3 Parts.
Druggists will furnish the materials at about the following prices: Fish oil \$1.10 a gallon; crude cotton seed oil 65 cents; crude carbolic acid, 50 cents; pine tar, at common price.

This is a simple preparation, easily obtained and easily applied, and in case the fly is very troublesome it will pay the stock owner to use it.

HOGS IN HOT WEATHER.

There are none other of our domestic animals so abused as the hog. Wallowing in filth and mire through the hot summer months, as many of them are required to do, is not only cruelty, but is an impropriety without a reason to sustain it. All hogs ought to be turned out to the open ground during the hot weather months. There is comfort, thrift, and, above all things else, health to the animals themselves in such a course. This course, however, by some is not convenient to carry out, and by others is probably impracticable. But it is within the reach of all to provide them with a reasonably clean, dry place to resort to at their pleasure. This can be done, and is alike humanitarian, whether kept for manure workers or as pork makers. When confined in pens in hot weather, a frequent contribution of a load of fresh loam to their quarters is especially healthful, while at the same time adding to the resulting stock of manure. That man who gives attention in these directions has the thriftiest hogs and gets the most money out of them. It pays to give needed care to any and all the animals kept.

EASTERN MAINE FAIR.

Preparations are in progress and the officers will have everything in good order for the annual exhibition of the Eastern Maine Fair to open at Maplewood Park, Bangor, August 20, to continue four days. President Bag is giving personal attention to the details of preparation, and such changes and improvements in the fixtures and furnishings on the Park as his experience indicates are necessary are now being provided, and will be ready when the time for opening arrives. While the holding of the Fair at so early a date is open to objections in certain directions, it has the advantage that it will give exhibitors the chance to take in the trio of opportunities open this year in the State. No doubt they will be on hand at the opening at Bangor as they always have in the past. In all lines of stock from the farms and the stables, no other one of the New England States can match Maine Exhibitors in the quality and variety of their contributions to the State Fair.

FIRST AWARDS AT EXHIBITIONS.

The officers of the State Pomological Society have been at work studying means and methods of improving the system of making awards at their annual competitive exhibitions. While the order and method characterizing the exhibitions of this society have been a model in their way, and the awards made by the several committees have been accepted without serious criticism as being in accord with the merits involved, yet the position is taken by these officers that possibly there is room for improvement. Acting on this supposition they have adopted a scale of points to govern the awards at their exhibitions the present year, and in connection therewith make the following announcement:

Scale of Points.
In many cases it is desirable to have a

reason for making awards. Believing that a scale of points would be of great service to judges in determining merit in doubtful cases, and at the same time of educational value to the exhibitor, the following scale has been adopted for the 1895 exhibition of single plates of apples and pears. In order to receive a first premium the fruit must score at least 75 points, a second premium 60 points, a third premium 50 points.

	No. of Points.	Score.
Quality.....	10
Form.....	15
Color.....	15
Size.....	20
Uniformity in size.....	20
Freedom from imperfections.....	20
Perfection.....	200

As a basis for making up the awards on collective exhibits, the above scale of points is to be applied to each sample plate of the different varieties making up the collection. In addition, a catalogue has been prepared, given in part herewith, in which values are placed on the different varieties of fruit included in the collections. This is an effort to overcome a difficulty over which all good judges of fruit have stumbled more or less. To illustrate: One exhibitor shows in his collection, Baldwins, Greenings, Bellflowers, Gravensteins and Alexanders. His competitor shows Baldwins, Greenings, Mildings, Hubbardstons and Twenty Ounces. Supposing all these different kinds are perfect and sizable, the question is which is the better, and therefore, entitled to first place?

An attempt is made to rate the comparative merit of the different varieties by a standard or scale adopted by the society, and to be used or applied in connection with the scale of points as above given. We give below a table of ratings of apples; pears and plums are rated in the same manner.

Explanation.

In this plan of rating the highest score for any of the several purposes named is placed at 10, and all the other more or less inferior varieties by some figure less than ten. The total rating of this table is to be added to the score given such variety by the judges employed in making up the awards. This, it will be seen, establishes the merit of a collection according to both the quality of the specimens and the established standard of merit of the several varieties of which it may be made up.

The ratings are more or less defective, but the committee feel confident that some such plan is necessary in order to do justice to the exhibitors. It is believed that experience will determine the defects, and future revisions may correct them.

APPLES.

Pomme Royale.
Porter.
Pound Sweet.
Primrose.
Red Astrachan.
Red Canada.
Rolle.
R. L. Greening.
Roxbury Russet.
Russell.
Somerset.
Stark.
Starkey.
Talman's Sweet.
Tompkins' King.
Twenty Ounce.
Wagoner.
Wheatley.
William's Favorite.
Winthrop Greening.
Yellow Bellflower.
Yellow Transparent.
Any other correctly named variety.

This new departure will be somewhat cumbersome in its application, but methodically applied, will greatly relieve judges of a responsibility over which they have ever been open to a possible just criticism.

CITY OR COUNTRY.

We read many articles in which the writers express much sympathy for the "poor farmers' wives" and pity the "country folk" who, they think, are isolated from society and the world. Now it would not doubt be far more sensible to reserve a portion of their sympathy for the laboring man of the city whose children are crying for bread; for truly there is more poverty in the city than upon God's green fields in the country.

Because it happens that a man chooses the country for his dwelling place, it does not signify that he plows his brains under with the soil or feeds his intellectual powers to the pigs. And the fact that a woman lives in the country does not go to prove that her brains are all chained to the dish pan nor that her ambitions all vanish up the stove pipe, neither is all her good sense mixed with the chicken feed. The farmer's wife has her share of the hard work, it is true, but where in any profession is there a

woman who is a helpmeet that does not? Hard work does not kill nearly so quickly as worry, and there are few city women with all their hired help but what find much vexation of spirit connected therewith.

Country life has its disadvantages I admit, especially on a cold, rainy day, ten miles from market and no flour at hand. But so far as intellect is concerned we find just as many truly intellectual women in the country as in town—perhaps more—for their minds are not continually filled with the latest fad for bicycle riders or the number of yards it will require for the next pair of sleeves.

There is peace on the farm that cannot be found elsewhere. One is not always intruded upon by some caller who is going in "just a minute," but whose minutes lengthen perceptibly as does her stay. There is no clanging of bells, no rush and rattle of fire engines, no milk-man, ice-man, grocery-man, newsboy, or other variety of disturbance from morning till night to distract attention and destroy our rest. The noisy din of city life crowds out all individuality, while the solitude of the country affords ample time for reflection, with no anxiety lest some unwelcome guest may disturb the peaceful reverie. The dirt and dust, smoke and gas of the city fill the lungs with all sorts of unwholesomeness and hasten the weary one along to an untimely grave; while the pure, fresh air, the sweet perfume from the clover and new-mown hay send a thrill of pleasure through our veins, put new vigor within us and bid that dread enemy, consumption, delay awhile before he claims his victim.

Another advantage of country life is that children may be allowed perfect freedom in their play, with no fear on the mother's part lest her little ones may be thrown in the company of the street gamins, as is the case in the city where the streets are the common playgrounds. Send your children to play on the streets and you send them to ruin. No matter how closely you watch your darlings, the public highway is no place for them. The little minds are soon filled with impure thoughts, the little eyes behold the scenes of wickedness, and the little tongues learn all too soon to repeat the idle street gabble that leads on and on to the reform school, or worse yet, the gambling house. Our penitentiaries would have fewer inmates if children were kept off the streets after sundown, yes, and before sundown, too. I do not insinuate that children reared in the country are angels by any means; but I

APPLIES.

Varieties.	Quality.		Market.		Productiveness.	Total ratings.
	Desert.	Cooking.	Home.	Foreign.		
Alexander.....	4	8	9	0	8	29
Baldwin.....	10	10	10	10	10	41
Ben Davis.....	9	10	10	10	7	33
Deane.....	9	9	9	9	9	37
Duchess of Olden.....	10	10	10	10	10	40
Falls.....	6	6	10	9	9	31
Golden Russet.....	10	8	8	0	8	33
Gravenstein.....	10	8	8	0	8	33
Hubbardston.....	10	8	7	0	7	37
Jewett's Fine Red.....	10	8	7	0	7	37
King.....	10	10	10	0	9	38
Large Yellow Bount.....	9	6	7	7	9	41
McIntosh Red.....	10	6	12	0	8	33
Milding.....	10	9	9	0	8	36
Mother.....	9	8	8	0	7	37
Munson Sweet.....	9	8	8	0	8	33
Northern Spy.....	10	8	8	8	8	42
Peck's Pleasant.....	10	8	8	8	8	36
Pomme Royale.....	10	10	8	0	9	37
Porter.....	10	10	10	10	7	47
Pound Sweet.....	10	10	10	0	10	41
Primrose.....	10	9	7	0	9	34
R. L. Greening.....	9	8	8	0	8	33
Roxbury Russet.....	9	8	7	0	8	32
Saratoga.....	10	8	8	8	8	33
Somerset.....	5	8	8	8	8	34
Stark.....	10	8	9	9	8	38
Starkey.....	10	6	9	9	7	36
Talman's Sweet.....	10	10	8	0	8	36
Tomkins King.....	10	7	8	0	6	29
Twenty Ounce.....	3	6	6	9	9	29
Wagoner.....	8	8	8	8	8	43
Wheatley.....	10	9	8	8	8	43
William's Favorite.....	10	9	10	10	5	43
Winthrop Greening.....	9	10	9	7	8	37
Any other correctly named variety.....	9	10	10	10	8	35
	6	9	7	0	8	28
	9	9	6	0	7	31
	9	9	6	0	7	31
	9	10	10	5	9	28
	5	0	0	0	0	43

do say they are less likely to meet life's temptations and to fall into the snares of the tempter, thereby saving many a heart-break and avoiding a life of sin and sorrow.

Right along this line let me cite a little incident which to my own knowledge is a true one. For the sake of the heart-broken parents I will mention no names, because more than one reader of *The Gazette* was neighbor to them. The parents were well-to-do and owned quite an extensive farm. As soon as their children, two boys and a little girl, were large enough they must sell their farm and move to town to give the children an education. This they did. The town was not a large one—only about five thousand inhabitants—but the evil is not always greatest in the largest city. Things went well for a time, but those children were being educated in more ways than one. They were on the streets more frequently than at home. The parents thought the children were in good company. Where are they now? Well, the youngest son and the little girl—the only daughter, the mother's pride and joy—were taken to the reform school about one year ago, and the oldest son, the one on whom the parents should lean in their old age, ran away about three months ago to escape the police

who were after him on account of a crime he had committed shortly before. Such is life, and while this is but one instance, still it might have been averted had they remained on the farm.

A gentleman (a minister, by the way), said to me a few days ago: "Oh, my friend, I would give everything I possess, everything I ever hope to possess, if I could only be where I was thirty years ago, back on the dear old farm with my father! If I could only be as pure, as innocent, and know as little of sin and its consequences as I did then, with no care, no anxiety, no trouble resting upon me, I would ask no other boon, for I would be the happiest man in this world!" And in my heart I said "Amen," for the sorrow depicted on his face told me he had found that "all is not gold that glitters," and had come through the warfare a sadder and wiser man.

God made the country. He intended us to be happy and look at life through the upper-story windows—not through the iron grating in the cellar windows. Where, then, may this happiness be found? In society, in the ball-room, in the fashionable saloons of our cities? No! There is too much falsehood and hypocrisy there. It is in the quiet country place among the birds and bees, and as the good old brother says, where we can inhale the sweet perfume of the "artificial flowers of Nature."—Mrs. C. A. in *Breeder's Gazette*.

CARE OF WAGONS AND CARRIAGES.

The life of the carriage depends not alone upon the character of the work and material put into its construction, nor does its lasting beauty depend upon the paint and varnish used, although this has much to do with it. The man who owns the vehicle must do his part toward properly caring for and preserving it.

There should be no chance for gases from stable or manure heap getting into the carriage room, for ammonia in the air will destroy varnish and fade colors, both of painting and upholstery. Ammonia unites with and gradually destroys the oil in the varnish, shrinking it, making it brittle, and leaving it full of cracks. For the same reason the carriage house should be dry and well ventilated.

A frame building is better for storing carriages than one made of stone or brick. The carriage room should be moderately lighted. Too strong light or too dark darkness injures the colors of paint and trimmings. Even dust has a deleterious effect upon carriage varnish, and nice vehicles should be covered with sheets made for the purpose, but these must not be thick enough to keep out the light. Close muslin is the best.

An aid to the preservation of varnish, as well as to the appearance of all rolling stock, is frequent washing in cold water. While a carriage is being washed it should be kept out of the sun. Abundance of water should be used with which to float off the dirt. Never use the sponge with a rubbing motion, as this scratches the varnish. Squeeze the full sponge against the panels, allowing the flow of water to carry off dust and dirt harmlessly.

Following the washing of each portion of the gear and body, wipe it with a chamois skin, care being taken to rinse the well-soaked skin in water frequently, so that it may contain no particles of dust to scratch the varnish. Hot water and soap should not be used. It is best to wash carriages always at once on the return from a muddy drive, and before they dry.

Said an old carriage maker recently: "After many years of trying to find some substance or mixture which will benefit the tops to carriages I have failed. And the same is true throughout the world of trade and invention." From the moment the leather is placed upon the bows its destruction begins, and although it may be retarded by occasional washing with pure, soft water, it will in time shrink more or less, and lose its early comeliness. Never put oil, and emphatically, never use varnish upon it. An occasional light application of the finest olive oil was at one time recommended, but experience has only condemned the use of this, together with every other substance.

Top carriages should never remain long with the top down, and when they are left standing the joints should be broken slightly to take off the strain on leather and lining. Aprons and curtains should be frequently brought out and aired or they will soon spoil. To prevent or destroy moths in woolen linings fumigate thoroughly with turpentine or camphor. The new vehicle should always be washed in cold water soon after its arrival, and the same treatment should be given carriages recently varnished. This holds true even if the varnish is somewhat tender, although it must be dry. Dust acts with peculiar force on fresh varnish. Frequent washings and exposure to fresh air will harden the varnish and increase the lustre.

Every vehicle, whether new or old, should be inspected frequently, that no bolt, clip or tire may get loose. The smallest repairs that become necessary should be made at once, as nothing injures any kind of a machine so much as play of parts which were made to remain

solid. The axles should be well cared for. Commonly they are neglected. They should not only be oiled frequently with the best of castor oil, using but a very small quantity, but previous to each oiling they should be carefully wiped with cloth, or sponged off with warm water and soap. Never use a compound that will gum on the axle, and take pains not to scatter dust from the tire upon the naked axle when removing the wheel.

No labor about the farm pays so well as the frequent painting of the rims or oiling them with boiled oil. No part of the wagon is so much subject to destruction as the rims, which roll between stones and through hot sand, grit and deep mud. Rims that are kept thoroughly painted demand less tire setting and less frequent renewal. It pays to keep all wagons well painted, whether for work or pleasure.

Heavy vehicles may be quite as well protected by paint applied at home as more expensively in the factory. And it is not difficult to procure ready mixed preparations that are reliable. It is surprising to note how much benefit a good application of boiled linseed oil, given occasionally, will do.

Wagons from which the paint has entirely worn, and which the owner does not care to rub, sandpaper and carefully paint, he may sponge over with this oil, thoroughly colored with lampblack or coach black, and the transformation will be as wonderful as it is cheap and sudden.

No wagon or sleigh should ever stand, even for an hour, exposed to sun and wind, outside of the owner's barn. And the careful user will seek protection from the elements whenever he stops for an hour. The durability of the vehicle may be doubled by careful usage. —*American Agriculturist*.

A SUGGESTION ABOUT TUBERCULIN.

Dr. George N. Kinnell, M. R. C. V. S., Pittsfield, Mass., recently submitted through the *Veterinary Magazine* a suggestion as to the use of tuberculin which is worthy of the attention of cattle commissioners and practitioners generally. His suggestion answers affirmatively the question which he asks—"Is Tuberculin as Ordinarily Used Too Delicate a Test?" We quote from a pamphlet reprint, to those who are studying this subject:

Among careful men who have had the greatest experience it is often a subject of serious and anxious thought whether or not the indiscriminate slaughter of animals condemned by the tuberculin test is advisable or even justifiable. There is probably no practitioner of any considerable experience with the agent who has not at times quailed at his work and thought with feelings of regret and misgiving of the many comparatively healthy creatures on which it has been his lot to pass the death sentence.

Personally I believe in thorough eradication of each and every case of tuberculosis, but

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FAIRS TO OCCUR.

Androscoggin Agricultural Society—At Livermore Falls, August 21st, 22nd and 23rd.
Baldwin and Sebago Lake View Park Association—At East Sebago, Oct. 8th, 9th and 10th.
Buxton and Hollis Agricultural Society—At Buxton, Sept. 10th, 11th, 12th and 13th.
Cumberland County Agricultural and Horticultural Society—At Narragansett Park, Gorham, Sept. 10th, 11th, 12th and 13th.
East Somerset Agricultural Society—At Hartland, Sept. 10th and 11th.
East Edgemoor Farmers' Club—At East Edgemoor, Oct. 1st and 2nd.
Eastern State Fair—At Maplewood Park, Bangor, August 20th, 21st, 22nd and 23rd.
Franklin County Agricultural Society—At Farmington, Sept. 17th, 18th and 19th.
Kennebec Agricultural Society—At Readfield, Sept. 17th, 18th and 19th.
Hancock County Fair Association—At Wyman Park, Ellsworth, Sept. 10th, 11th and 12th.
Maine State Pomological Society—With the State Agricultural Society at Lewiston.
Maine State Agricultural Society—At Lewiston, Sept. 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st.
Maine State Fair—On Ricker Park, Portland, August 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th.
North Arundel Agricultural and Horticultural Society—At North Arundel, Sept. 10th, 11th and 12th.
North Cumberland Agricultural Society—At Harrison, Sept. 24th, 25th and 26th.
North Washington County Agricultural Society—At Princeton, August 27th, 28th and 29th.
Penobscot County Agricultural Society—At Old Town, Oct. 1st, 2nd and 3rd.
Ossipee Valley Union Agricultural Association—At Cornish, August 13th, 14th and 15th.
Oroqui County Agricultural Society—At Sept. 17th, 18th and 19th.
Somerset and Cambridge Farmers' Association—At Pleasant Hill, Scarborough, Sept. 17th and 18th.
Somerset Central Agricultural Society—At Skowhegan, Sept. 17th, 18th and 19th.
Sagadahoc County Agricultural and Horticultural Society—At Topsham, Oct. 8th, 9th, and 10th.
Washington County Agricultural Society—At Pembroke, Sept. 26th and 28th.
(Will the Secretaries of Societies assist us in completing the above list?)

Choice Miscellany.

CHASED BY AN ELEPHANT.

Miraculous Escape of a Hunter in the Indian Jungle.

The author of "Gun, Rifle and Hound" narrates an adventure which befell him and two companions, "Will" and "E." in Ceylon. "Will" of the most miraculous escape ever known in elephant-shooting," he calls it. "E." it should be said, was a famous killer of elephants, and had brought with him a native tracker well used to the business; "a little wizened-up creature, but absolutely fearless." They were in search of a notorious rogue elephant, which had killed so many men and done so much other mischief that the government had put a reward of fifty dollars upon his head.

We started early in the morning, and were soon on the fresh tracks of the brute. He was evidently moving pretty fast. The tracker followed the trail almost at a trot, and it was rather hot work keeping him in sight. At last it was obvious that we were close upon the elephant, which was heading more and more into the jungle. "Nasty, dangerous brute," whispered "E.," "we shall hear him before we see him."

A minute or two more and the tracker stopped and pointed to a branch which was still oscillating violently. The elephant could not be a minute ahead of us. We all stopped and looked intently among the thick trees. With a scream of rage, the rogue crashed out at us, and we all fell back. The tracker ran toward him, the elephant close after him. Will fired again, and turned to run. The tracker had slipped out of the way. "E." and I ran after the elephant, reloading as we ran. He was gaining rapidly on our poor friend.

"Round a tree!" shouted "E.," "round a tree!" Will made for the nearest one, the elephant not two lengths behind him, and we still forty yards behind.

To our horror we saw Will catch his foot in something and go down at full length. "E." groaned with despair, and dropping on my knee I fired two barrels uselessly into the brute's hind-quarters.

Then came the miracle. Whether the blood from half a dozen wounds had blinded the elephant, or Will's sudden disappearance into the long grass had deceived him, I cannot say, but half stopping, he turned and made off into the jungle, where we lost him, after following him for hours.

DWARFING DOGS.

Taken from Their Mothers in Infancy They Are Bred to Be Tiny.

Specialists and doctors who take an interest in the progress of alcoholism, its injurious action on generation and the part it plays in degeneracy will be glad to add another branch to their study in the shape of the falsification of dogs, says the New York World.

For falsification of dogs exists in Paris and thrives, just as well as the imitators of Japan were, and the pictures of Corot, Teniers and Rubens. Ask for a bottle of Chartreuse in any grocery store of Paris and you will be served with a bottle of Chartreuse, and as to truffles, diamonds, champagne and coffee, imitators of these have obtained too lofty a station for them to care for criticism of their products.

It was generally supposed that the animal reign had not yet been tampered with, so that most persons will be surprised that the French have recently discovered a method of producing tiny dogs, which, when offered for sale on the boulevards or in the Bois de Boulogne, fetch good prices on account of their rarity. Like all other callings, competition is about to cut down the profits of the originators of the idea, and next summer visitors are promised any number of lilliputian dogs at an insignificant price.

This is how the diminutive animal is produced: Snatched from its mother's breast when it is but a few hours old, it is put on an alcoholic diet instead of a lactical diet. When it reaches a certain age alcohol under different forms constitutes almost the sole diet of the animal. The young dogs do not die, but, what is far more important, they do not develop and appear to be wasting away continually. They soon cease to grow entirely. By coupling these products the lilliputian animal is obtained after two or three generations. What a terrible lesson for drunkards and abstemious consumers!

QUEER USE OF A CIGAR.

Story Which Shows a Sea Captain's Presence of Mind.

A good story is told of a sea captain who died not long ago and who was formerly in command of a ship in which passengers were carried from London to Lisbon. On one occasion, says the Times, the ship caught fire and the passengers and crew were compelled to dash hurriedly to the boats. The captain remained perfectly cool throughout all the confusion and fright of the disaster, and at last everyone escaped.

cept himself was got safely into the boats.

By the time he was ready to follow the passengers were almost wild with fear and excitement. Instead of hurrying down the ladder the captain called out to the sailors to hold on a minute, and taking a cigar from his pocket, coolly lit it with a bit of burning rope which had fallen from the rigging at his feet. Then he descended with deliberation and gave the order to push off.

"How could you stop to light a cigar at such a moment?" he was asked afterward, when some of the passengers were talking over their escape.

"Because," he answered, "I saw that if I did not do something to divert the minds of those in the boat there was likely to be a panic, and overcrowded as it was, there was danger of the boat being upset. The act took but a moment, but it attracted the attention of everybody. I was not nearly so concerned as I seemed to be, but was in reality in a fever of excitement. My little plan succeeded. You all forgot yourselves because you were thinking of my curious behavior, and we got off safely."

LIZARDS IN A TRANCE.

One Medical Authority Regards It as a Kind of Hypnotism.

An English scientific journal has received an interesting communication on the subject of the so-called "death-feigning instinct" of certain reptiles, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The correspondent, who writes from Syria, says that when a certain species of Egyptian lizard is captured, it makes a few vigorous efforts to escape, and then, if held firmly, falls into a limp, motionless state, which might easily lead an inexperienced person to think it dead. The animal, however, is simply in a trance-like condition.

Gentle respiratory movements are visible just behind the shoulders, and sometimes show a rising and falling rhythm with short intervals of complete rest; the eyes remain wide open, but are commonly half closed, and the lids wink slowly from time to time spontaneously, or by reflex action; the mouth is almost open, sometimes wide, sometimes but little—and in either case the jaw is quite rigid, and if closed by force is apt to reopen when the pressure is withdrawn; the limbs lie extended and semi-flexed, with some approach to a cataplectic condition, i. e., if bent or stretched into position too strongly, they maintain such positions when left to go; and the same is true of the trunk and tail.

A pin may be run through a fold of the skin, without fully rousing the animal, a sluggish, feeble wriggle being the sole result. The trance usually lasts about five minutes, and when the animal by a brusque effort assumes its normal position. This done, it lies quite still, but evidently awake and observant for a few moments more, and then settles off in a hurry.

Dr. Van Dyck looks upon this manifestation not as voluntary or conscious death-feigning, but as a form of hypnotism. The natural enemies of these lizards are foxes, jackals, martens, birds of prey and snakes.

"Can anyone believe," asks Dr. Van Dyck, "that any one of these animals, having captured a lizard, would be inclined to let it go because it lay motionless and apparently dead in the captor's grasp? Or will it be argued that the trance condition is a special gift in mercy to the victim, to mitigate or abolish the pain of death?"

WHERE BIG GAME IS PLENTY.

How a Hunter Found Himself Face to Face with Two Big Lions.

In "Lion Hunting in Somaliland," Capt. C. J. Mellis tells how he first found himself face to face with two full-grown lions. He started from Berbera for the Hand with ten camels, a dozen Somalis, two donkeys, a pony and two months' provisions.

The game on the route were gazelle, antelope, guinea fowl and bustards, and at night jackals and hyenas. Shortly after reaching the Hand, which is a great waterless plateau, he met the two lions, "actually waiting for me," he writes, "all to myself, a vast plain on all sides, clear of jungle as a lawn, not another bush even in sight."

"I was going to get them, or they get me. That was the only uncertainty in the whole thing."

He goes on to say that what struck him most forcibly on seeing a wild lion for the first time was that there was none of that slim, weak appearance in the hind quarters which is so visible in caged lions.

Capt. Mellis used a much heavier charge than Mr. Selous, and seems to have had little difficulty in disabling a lion with a well-aimed shot. When he had killed them, the lions were skinned and the hides tied behind two horsemen.

He describes vividly his delight after his first day's shooting. "I shall never forget the pleasure of it," he says. "What a paradise the country seemed as my eyes wandered from the two great heads at the cruppers to the wild herds scattered over the plain."

In four days he shot no less than five lions and eight lionesses and captured four cubs.

Capt. Mellis usually rode up and dismounted to shoot, but a much more exciting way, which he occasionally experienced, was to track the lion's spoor and follow him into the jungle on foot.

What's in a Word?

If any of our readers, in looking over articles on electric railways in the German language, should come across the word Strassenbahnwagenuntergestell, need not be alarmed or discouraged, nor afraid to use it in good society. Instead of getting at the subject directly, as is done in English, this single word relates quite a little story—a sort of riddle of which you are expected to guess the answer. The story is, briefly, as follows: In about the middle of the word we find that the object referred to has some connection with a car, and, returning to the beginning, it appears that this car is intended to run on rails (as cars usually do, by the way); that these rails are in the streets of a city, and that the car is supported on some structure; near the end it is explained that this supporting structure is below, and not above, the car, and, finally, it is added that it refers to the apparatus in general, and not to any one form in particular. With the aid of this description it will not be difficult to guess correctly that the German writer would have said trucks instead of been privileged to use the English language. It seems to us that this verbal machine is somewhat over-compounded.

GOOD IMITATIONS OF AMBER.

Only Experts Can Detect Them from the Real Article.

When a man buys a pipe or a cigar-holder with a mouthpiece, which the dealer declares is amber, the chances are ten to one that the purchaser is being deceived. This assertion may seem hard upon the seller, but so clever are the imitations of amber now in the market that dealers need have little fear in selling them, as none but an expert can tell the false from the real. Celluloid and amberine are the cheapest of the imitations, says the New York Press, and no dealer would think of recommending them as amber to anyone who appeared to know much about what he wanted. But with amberoid it is a different matter, for, as this substance is made from the amber itself, there is no perceptible difference in its appearance or properties. This is made from small bits of amber ground fine and combined with hydraulic power. The process is a secret, possessed only by a few manufacturers in Vienna. All the long stems of a clear, beautiful amber, which give a meerschaum or briar so fancy a price, are made of amberoid; excepting, perhaps, pipes of the highest value. The belief that the sure test of amber is that it will pick up paper has deceived many people, for amberoid will do the same thing, but will amberize paper for this purpose. The article is a secret, possessed only by a few manufacturers in Vienna. All the long stems of a clear, beautiful amber, which give a meerschaum or briar so fancy a price, are made of amberoid; excepting, perhaps, pipes of the highest value. The belief that the sure test of amber is that it will pick up paper has deceived many people, for amberoid will do the same thing, but will amberize paper for this purpose.

There are a good many things, but the trouble with nearly all of them is, they are only tonics or stimulants. They apparently benefit, but it is only for a time; then the patient is worse than before. But there is one food for the nerves, I am happy to say, in which I have the greatest confidence, which is in reality a food. It contains just those vitalizing principles, which impart new nerve force; it builds up the nerves, and by imparting to them new strength, grants to the nerves back to a normal, healthy condition. They are fortified against the hot weather, the man recovers his energy, his force, and he walks with an elastic step. He drives his work with a will, where before it drove him. His spirit rises, and everything looks bright to him. This food is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which are now known and used the world over; in North and South America, England and the English provinces, Canada, India, Africa, France. They are so widely known, that to make effects in nerve building so much talked about both here and abroad, that it is not necessary for me to enlarge further on the subject. But I assure you the medical profession everywhere are very glad indeed to avail themselves of this nerve food, so scientifically compounded, and that they use it very largely in their practice."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and to restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

THE FORESTRY COMMISSION HAS ISSUED THE FOLLOWING IMPORTANT LETTER:

Gentlemen: Owing to the exceedingly dry weather and the large number of forest fires that have started, I wish to again call your attention to sections 3 and 4 of chapter 10 of the public laws of the State of New York, which were made in 1893, requiring selectmen of towns and the county commissioners in unorganized places, to appoint fire wardens, whose duty it is to employ men and take such measures as are necessary to extinguish forest fires.

It is exceedingly important that you give this matter your immediate attention if you have not already done so, as a vast amount of property is liable to be destroyed by fire unless prompt measures are adopted. It is your duty to take precaution to control fires already burning and prevent others from being started.

If the drought continues much longer it will only be by great effort and expense to prevent the repetition of the great conflagration of 1825, that burned so many homes and destroyed so much valuable property, can be prevented.

I hope and trust that you will personally see to it that you are up to your duties and every possible measure adopted to prevent such a catastrophe.

CHAS. E. OAK, Forest Commissioner.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that the great disease of catarrh, which has been so common in all its stages, and which has been so long a source of trouble to the medical fraternity, is now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, it is taken into treatment, acting directly upon the blood and the system, thereby restoring the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in their remedy, that they offer one hundred dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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In his work he found 17 pails, six horse-shoes, a high back comb and a revolver.

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Such is the case with Ayer's Hair Vigor. People who have been using it for years, could not be induced to try any other dressing for the hair, because it gives such perfect satisfaction.

It is now estimated that we will have a corn crop of nearly 2,400,000 bushels, the largest ever grown in the United States. And "Johnny cake" ought to be cheap.

Redding's Russia Salve. Use it for mosquito bites, nettle rash, hives, salt rheum, and all itching skin troubles.

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Very naturally, Queen Victoria is opposed to bloomers. She's too rheumatic to ride a bicycle.—*Rochester Herald.*

And a little too fishy to look well in bloomers.

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The coming crop of tea from India is estimated at 140,000,000 pounds, and that from Ceylon at 91,000,000 pounds.

NERVOUSNESS IS THE WAIL OF THE NERVE FOR FOOD.

An interesting interview with a Prominent Physician, who says that Nerve Food is the One who Suffer in this Hot, Sultry Weather. They may be Relieved by Building up Their Nerves with a Nourishing Nerve Food.

"What a weak-kneed individual!" The person referred to, did indeed look broken down, dispirited, and lifeless. "What is the matter with him?" "I scarcely know. During the cool weather, he seems to be all right, and to have some life and a little ambition; but the moment the hot weather comes, he simply withers down, and seems to have neither strength nor vitality."

That explained the case. The man was in a generally run-down condition with not enough reserve force to resist the oncoming heat of the season. His nerves were weak, unstrung as we say. The food he ate only partially reinforced his strength. The result was, he had constantly drawn on his reserve force so long that his nerves finally rebelled, and he was unable to do his work. If the signal be heeded, and he takes steps to refresh, and build up his nervous system, he will recover; if not and the strain goes on, nothing can save him.

There are a good many things, but the trouble with nearly all of them is, they are only tonics or stimulants. They apparently benefit, but it is only for a time; then the patient is worse than before. But there is one food for the nerves, I am happy to say, in which I have the greatest confidence, which is in reality a food. It contains just those vitalizing principles, which impart new nerve force; it builds up the nerves, and by imparting to them new strength, grants to the nerves back to a normal, healthy condition. They are fortified against the hot weather, the man recovers his energy, his force, and he walks with an elastic step. He drives his work with a will, where before it drove him. His spirit rises, and everything looks bright to him. This food is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which are now known and used the world over; in North and South America, England and the English provinces, Canada, India, Africa, France. They are so widely known, that to make effects in nerve building so much talked about both here and abroad, that it is not necessary for me to enlarge further on the subject. But I assure you the medical profession everywhere are very glad indeed to avail themselves of this nerve food, so scientifically compounded, and that they use it very largely in their practice."

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PITTSBURGH'S LAW LIBRARY.

Contains Acts of Scottish Parliament and Many Valuable Reference Books.

The Allegheny county law library in Pittsburgh is the pride of the judges and the lawyers and the constant reference for all of them. It contains twenty-eight thousand five hundred volumes and embraces the decisions of the superior courts of every nation where jurisprudence is known and practiced. It had a slender beginning, says the Pittsburgh Times, but wise providers, and now, while its possessions are increased at considerable cost yearly, the cost to the judges, for whose especial benefit it is, is nothing. The total expenses are not more than five thousand dollars annually, and this money is paid by the county commissioners.

Ranged on the shelves are decisions of the Indian court of appeals, and below them are the deliberations of the erudite, bewigged and begowned justices of the courts of England, whence all law comes. There are copies of the reports of every state and territory, and reviews of the important causes which have been decided by the courts of France. Most of the books are printed in English, though some of them are in French, German and Latin. One volume from the supreme court contains a daringly precise recital of a love case, which must have excited state-wide comment from the fluent detail dealt out by the learned and grave judges; the admixture of passion and pistol makes it a thrilling story. It is soiled by the touch of many thumbs and seems to have been much read in preference to the dry diagnosis of the technicalities of suits involving property rights.

There are some treasures in the library which are highly prized. The oldest book is a copy of the acts of the Scottish parliament from 1242 to 1433. It contains charters and seals that are so yellowed with age as to be in parts undecipherable. Another revered volume is Fitz Gibbons' reports of the cases argued at the king's bench in Westminster, London, during the five years of the reign of George II. This book begins with the date of 1704, and its leaves are eaten by worms. The type is of a large German character. This is probably the only copy in America. The Scotch acts, from 1424 to 1601, contain the laws of parliaments during the reigns of King James and Queen Mary in one part, and the acts during the reign of King Charles I. and II., in the other. The convention of estates of Scotland in 1605, 1607 and 1678, in the other. The Duke of York's "Book of Laws" of 1676 to 1688 has all the autographs of the governors and presidents of the councils of Pennsylvania during those years. The list includes the flourished chirography of William Penn. There is also a fac-simile of the charter granted by King Charles II. to Penn.

NEW PARISIAN VICE.

The Inhaling of Naphtha Vapor Said to Be Better Than Hashish.

Petroleum enters into the manufacture of not less than two hundred articles of universal benefit and the oddest use to which it is put is its inhalation in the form of naphtha vapor by Parisian women as a substitute for opium, says an exchange.

In one factory where naphtha is largely used it is by no means infrequently used in the form of hashish, the common practice. The naphtha is kept in reservoirs and is drawn off through pipes as it is wanted for use. By accident some of the female operatives made the discovery that the fumes from these reservoirs had a peculiar and pleasant effect upon them, and from this the inhalation fell into the habit of going regularly to the valves and inhaling the fumes.

Several girls who were previously slaves to hashish have given it up in favor of naphtha because they are easier to take. All that was necessary was to inhale them from the pipes and the work was done. Besides, the latter cost nothing, which was an important item to a girl on small wages.

A languorous and pleasant sensation comes over the indulger, and when she would drop off to sleep very pleasant visions are the result. The sensations resulting from a good pull at the pipes usually last three-quarters of an hour.

In most cases the narcotic influence of the fumes produces sleep which covers half of this time; but, although there is not absolute sleep, the condition is that of a deep slumber, and the effect is about the same. The same delightful languor possesses the mind and body, which the deluded victim of this vice persists in believing cannot be otherwise than a good thing for her.

Sharpness of a Woman's Tongue.

A newly-married couple on the train near Gainesville, Ga., the other day, attracted a good deal of attention by their peculiar behavior. A lady got on the train at a station, and took a seat in front of them. Scarcely was she seated before they commenced making remarks in loud whispers about her wearing last season's hat and dress. She was severely criticised by them for some time. Presently the lady turned around. She noticed at a glance that the bride was older than the groom and, without the least resentment in her countenance, she said: "Madam, will you please have your son close the window behind you?" The son closed his mouth instead, and the bride did not giggle again for an hour.

The Bedbug in English Law.

Whereas the presence of bedbugs is regarded by the English courts as constituting an adequate ground for the breaking of the lease of a dwelling-house, the French tribunals have hitherto declined to admit any such principle. In deference, however, to the recommendation of the leading medical authorities, indorsed by the council of state, any house by which they are infested will be regarded by law as non-sanitary, recent experiments having furnished convincing proof that these insects, which police Englishmen describe as "B. flat," are frequently a vehicle of contagion for tuberculosis and kindred maladies.

A Great Lighthouse.

On the Pointe de Penmach, in Brittany, the southwestern point of the Finistère promontory, midway between Brest and L'Orient, a new lighthouse is being erected, whose light will be seen one hundred miles in clear weather, and from twenty-five to twenty-eight miles when the weather is hazy. It will be an electric light of ten million candle power, and will rise one hundred and eighty-five feet above the sea level, and is to be ready by the beginning of 1897.

Missouri raised in the census year 1890, 99,016 bushels of Indian corn.

THE BLOODHOUND'S SCENT.

One Who Knows Says It Has Been Overestimated.

Hon. R. H. China, formerly of New Orleans, now of Vacaville, Cal., well known in St. Louis, had this to say to a Star-Sayings reporter about bloodhounds and trail dogs a few days ago: "I have yet to meet the first man who ever saw a bloodhound in our southern country. They are too ferocious for domestic purposes and are not trace dogs."

"I carried some few years ago to the island of Cuba—a Siberian bloodhound and an English bloodhound pup. The government officials had the former caged with latticed iron bars before allowing him to land, on account of his ferocious appearance. He was taken to my plantation and an iron muzzle placed on him, and even then the fear of his doing serious damage caused him to be killed. The English pup for the same reason was sent to the Lyons brewery for safe keeping."

"The foxhound, a lazy, worthless dog apparently, is the trail dog, trained to pursue fugitives from justice. I had such a dog. The mode of training was to put him in a room, to be fed and handled by only one person, until grown. Then, after being scented for two or three days, a bone with a little meat was given him; while gnawing this bone his trainer fought him with his hat, took the bone from him, went some distance, and climbed a tree. The dog upon being released took his trail and traced him. Being treated in the same way the next day, the trainer took the bone a mile off and the dog was ready for his work. When anyone was missing it was only necessary to give the dog a small piece of any portion of his wearing apparel and tell him 'hunt the man.' He was off running immediately. So eager would he be in his pursuit he would run over small children, between the legs of larger ones, his head close to the ground, perfectly oblivious to all impediments in his way, and the trail was his. This thing was frequently done twelve hours after the missing man had disappeared and never in a single instance was the dog known to deceive or fail in his hunt. He would chase the fugitive through bushes and briars, across creeks, over burnt canefields, and would invariably bring him to bay. During three years of service he was never known to bite or injure anyone."

"All the blood-curdling tales we have heard of hunting people on Cuban and southern plantations with bloodhounds are a farce. Trace hounds are not fierce; they were never known to injure a man and were easily repelled if they attempted it. When the trail was cold he would follow it very quietly; now and then he would run in a circle or to the right and suddenly to the left. Frequently we would lose him in the underbrush, but when the trail got hot and he howled a horn was blown to encourage him and he was followed up by a horseman."

SIMPLE SAVAGES.

How They Bounced a Whisky Pirate Out of a Sloop Loaded with Liquor.

The Indians of the west coast of Vancouver island have adopted a novel and decidedly effective method of dealing with white whisky pirates who frequent their villages, as James Johnson, of Victoria, formerly master of the sealing schooner Kilmany, knows to his cost. He had come to the conclusion that there was big money for the man who made a systematic tour of the west coast with bottled samples of gin and whisky.

Accordingly, says the San Francisco Examiner, he purchased a small trading sloop, loaded her with a cargo of stimulants and sailed for Barclay sound some time ago. There, for a few days, he did a rushing business retailing his low-grade intoxicants at five to ten dollars per bottle. The Indians knew they were being robbed and remonstrated, but no reduction in the price was made.

Then they held a council and a great plan was evolved. The aid of the Indian police was secured, and while the master of the sloop sl

Maine Farmer.

ESTABLISHED IN 1833.

Published every Thursday, by
Badger & Manley,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1895.

TERMS.

\$1.50 IN ADVANCE; OR \$2.00 IF NOT PAID
WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF
SUBSCRIPTION.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

For one inch space, \$2.50 for three inser-
tions and seventy-two cents for each subse-
quent insertion.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICES.

Mr. C. S. AYER, our Agent, is now calling
upon our subscribers in Androscoggin and
Oxford counties.Secretary Lamont has detailed Capt.
W. S. Edgerly of the 7th Cavalry, as pro-
fessor of military science and tactics at
the Maine State College, Orono.The towns which voted against aiding
the Washington county railroad are to
test the constitutionality of the act allow-
ing the county to subscribe \$500,000 for
the preferred stock of the railroad.Hon. Edward Wiggin of Maysville has
entered upon his duties in the educa-
tional department at the State house, and
so becomes a resident of Augusta. It is
to be hoped that this means a permanent
residence in our charming city where all
such families are cordially welcomed.Queen Victoria's favorite dish is now
declared to be corned beef and cabbage.
This shows a leaning towards the farm-
ers. Now let our would be Presidents,
Governors, and other office seekers take
up this good, substantial farmer's diet.
It will serve to tide over many a hard
spot.Secretary Carlisle, under the provisions
of the recent act of Congress regulat-
ing the salaries of the local inspectors of
steam vessels, established the salaries of
local inspectors of hulls and boilers for
the year beginning July 1, 1895, in
Maine districts as follows: Bangor, \$1200;
Portland, \$1860.The State of Maine never looked bet-
ter than to-day. These frequent showers
have brightened the leaves, given a fresh
start to the grass, while all crops are ma-
turing for a magnificent harvest. This
month of August promises to be one of
the most delightful to resident and visitor,
and the praises of the Pine Tree
State will be sung as never before.We refer to the advertisement of West-
brook Seminary. The managers have
raised the grade at the institution con-
siderably and have thoroughly revised
the courses. Besides adding two new
courses, they have made several improve-
ments, giving special attention to Eng-
lish, science, elocution and physical cul-
ture.Many special features will be given for
the entertainment of the public at the
Eastern Maine State Fair, that comes off
at Bangor, August 20, 21, 22, and 23,
such as base ball matches, running and
trained horses, train dogs, balloon as-
censions, etc. The ground will be liter-
ally alive with attractions that are too
numerous to even mention in this con-
nection.A gold production throughout the
world in excess of \$203,000,000 is now re-
garded as assured for the present calendar
year. Reports have reached the Mint Bu-
reau from the producing districts of the
United States and from the big min-
ing regions of Australia and South Africa,
which indicate that, unless the rate of
production which has thus far prevailed
this year is suddenly checked, it will be
easy to raise the 1894 product of \$181-
500,000 to above \$203,000,000 for 1895.President Appleton of the New Eng-
land Agricultural Society has received a
letter from a staff officer conveying the
intelligence that Secretary Herbert ex-
pects to be in attendance upon the New
England Fair during the last week of
August in connection with the eastward
cruise of the new U. S. war-ships of the
North Atlantic squadron to Maine
waters and Portland harbor. Among
the ships that will probably be present
are the big model modern cruisers New
York and Columbia, the ship that has just
beaten naval records of the world.It is estimated that the New York
brewers are losing \$30,000 a week as the
result of the enforcement of the Sunday
closing law. The Herald says New
Yorkers have been in the habit of empty-
ing from 100,000 to 120,000 kegs of beer
on Sunday; and this sudden inroad into
their business makes the situation some-
what serious for them. What the brew-
ers lose the laboring men save. One
would think by reading some papers that
this was all loss to the city. Keep up
the record and the reduction in pauper
bills will tell the story.The Maine Register for 1895 is received
from the publisher, Mr. C. H. Donham,
Portland. This edition has twenty-three
pages more than any previous one. It
contains a complete summary of all
the industrial pursuits, governmental,
religious, educational, social and moral
institutions in the State, State and
county officers, courts, banks, trust
companies, loan and building associa-
tions, insurance companies, newspapers,
churches, agricultural societies, orders
of Good Templars, Masons, Odd Fellows,
Knights of Pythias, Grand Army of the
Republic, Sons of Veterans, Patrons of
Husbandry, railroads and steamboats,
with distances, fares, connections, tele-
graph and telephone stations; also an
immense amount of collated and tabu-
lated matter covering the whole country.
The town statistics include the location
of towns and the best method of reach-
ing them, valuation, population, ratable
polls, brief history, Post Office address
of all city and town officials, merchants,
manufacturers, clergymen, hotels,
schools, libraries, associations, notaries,
justices, lawyers, physicians, etc., etc.
Twenty-one city and four hundred and
nineteen town directories are given and
all are revised to date. It is a volume
which should be in the hands of every
man doing business of any kind.

EXCURSION TO AROOSTOOK COUNTY.

In the year 1838 the Maine Press Asso-
ciation made its first excursion to the
county of Aroostook, which was then
indeed a "howling wilderness." It was
a long and toilsome trip, requiring four
days to make it, and was called by the
editors an "expedition." They went by
the old Veazie railroad from Bangor to
Old Town; by the old fashioned stern
wheel steamers, up the Penobscot river
to Mattawamkeag; team to Houlton,
Presque Isle and Fort Fairfield. The
county at that time was but sparsely
settled, yet the evidences of prosperity
on every hand, and the vast possibilities
existing in the northeastern section of
the State, perfectly astonished the mem-
bers of the Association, and the glowing
accounts they gave of what they saw had
a wonderful influence in inducing im-
migration to the new region. Only five
of the twenty-nine Johnnies who then went
are now living—John M. Adams of Port-
land, Brown Thurston of Portland, E.
Rowell of Hallowell, Nelson and Frank
Dingley of Lewiston. Only one of these,
Maj. Rowell, honored the excursionists
with his presence on the excursion of '95.The second Press excursion was made
in 1878, and this was also attended with
results beneficial to the county. The
third excursion was made last week,
sixty members and their ladies partici-
pating. The most thorough arrange-
ments had been made by the committee,
Mr. C. W. Robbins of Old Town and Mr.
George H. Gilman of Houlton, who per-
sonally conducted the excursion, to see
that the almost perfect arrangements they
had made were fully carried out in all
their details. These gentlemen deserve
the hearty vote of thanks that was unan-
imously tendered them, and will always
be remembered by those whose pleasures
were heightened by their kindly offices.Starting from Bangor at 3.20 Monday
afternoon by theBangor & Aroostook Railroad,
we reached Houlton at half past seven in
the evening. And what a ride! If not
through the "primeval forests," (as very
little of this can now be found in Maine),
it courses its iron way through a region
as full of sublimity and beauty as any
part of the United States. Here are
dense forests with here and there a clear-
ing, showing that some pioneer has
planted himself upon this unsurpassed
soil and has carved out for himself a
home in the vast wilderness. Here is a
modest hamlet that will soon expand
into a thriving village; anon the
moose and deer and caribou flit
across the railroad track and plunge
into the evergreen, reminding us that
we are passing through the finest hunt-
ing section of our State. From the sta-
tion called "Norcross," there were sent
last year several hundred deer and
moose. The "speckled beauties" are
found in these sparkling streams and
limpid ponds that are a short distance
from the railroad track, affording excel-
lent fishing facilities. This new railroad
also opens up a vast region full of pulp
material, and as our native forests are
being depleted of spruce, here there is
enough for a century or more, and the
present generation needn't worry about
any longer time. To us the grandest
feature of the road is the fact that it is
built on American soil, and that people
passing into the county of Aroostook
are not obliged to go a hundred miles
out of their way through the Queen's
dominions. It is a matter of business
that will send the young life-blood of
the virgin county into the arteries of
the older communities, that will be of
mutual benefit. Various in-
dustries are springing up all along the
road, and the log houses that indicate a
clearing will soon give place to nice
frame buildings. Along many portions
of the route large sleds are filled with
maple logs ready for the market.There is no more thoroughly constructed
railroad in New England. Ballasted in
the most thorough manner, constructed
through the portion of the county that
Nature seemed to have designed for a
railroad, it is so smooth and even, that
on some portions express trains run safely
and without a jar at the rate of sixty
miles an hour. It is safe to say that the
screach of the iron horse would not have
been heard for a long time in this wilder-
ness had it not been for the pluck, persev-
erance and push of its President, Hon.
Albert A. Burleigh, who is ably seconded
in his efforts in its management by
Franklin W. Cram, Vice President, and
Geo. M. Houghton, General Ticket and
Passenger Agent.But we are passing on in our trip, and
are admonished by preparations made to
leave the cars that we have arrived at the
beautiful and growing village of

Houlton.

Teams innumerable are waiting to con-
vey the party to headquarters, the Houl-
ton band is greeting us with a glad wel-
come, and the cordiality of the people is
almost unparalleled. Most of the party
find exceedingly pleasant homes at the
Exchange, W. H. Luzzell, Proprietor; and
at the Snell House, Fred W. Coburn,
Proprietor. Both houses have all the
appliances of city hotels, and the food and
service is first class. The Farmer rep-
resentative, wife and son, in acceptance
of a long standing invitation, found
royal entertainment at the elegant home
of George H. Gilman, Esq., editor and
proprietor of the Aroostook Pioneer,
which was the first paper issued in the
county, and as it has descended from
father to son, it has steadily maintained
its high position. Mr. Gilman has re-
cently associated with himself as an as-
sistant Mr. Francis Wiggin, an able and
popular newspaper man. Mr. Gilman's
residence is a typical New England
home, blessed with an Augustan lady
and the presiding genius, and in all its ap-
pointments illustrates the idea of
"Home, Sweet Home."The Times, an old and reliable paper,
is published in Houlton by Mr. Theodore
Cary.The town of Houlton seems to have
resources of its own sufficient to keep it
in running order, even if it were shut off
from the whole world beside. The people
have solved the good roads question
that troubles so many communities, as
there is not a poor road in town. The
soil appears to be specially adapted toroad making. Resembling somewhat
the red soil of Pennsylvania, there is an
admixture of a grayish soil which solidi-
fies and makes splendid roads. The
streets are broad and smooth, having the
appearance of being Macadamized. The
enterprise of the place may be seen when
we state that seventy-five houses were
erected in town the past season. And
they are of a class that are only found in
progressive towns. Indeed, we had to
go to Houlton to find more elegant resi-
dences than any we have in the capital
city, and taken as a whole, there are
few towns in the State that can boast of
better ones, with more modern appli-
cations. The taste of the people seems to
run especially to spacious lots and exten-
sive lawns, which they keep richly fer-
tilized and closely clipped. An air of
industry pervades the entire community,
—even the prisoners at the county jail
are kept busy pounding stone—and we
were assured there is not a loafer or
tramp in town. The taxes are not high,
even on a low valuation; no ponderous
debt repels the people from coming here;
while the courteous, whole-souled and
philanthropic population of this coming
city, now numbering about six thousand,
holds out its hands of warm welcome to
all worthy people who would like to
make this their home.Fine turn-outs were provided for all
our party, and there were drives in the
afternoon, to all the points of interest.
The old Hancock Barracks, where the
troops were stationed during and after
the Webster-Ashburton treaty (and this
should be made a park by the coming
city)—the immense farms of several hun-
dred acres each, the fields of potatoes
stretching out into fifty acres or more,
the Ricker Institute, the public build-
ings, and elegant stores were visited, re-
ceiving the kind attention of Hon.
Llewellyn Powers, at his elegant resi-
dence. When the shades of evening ap-
peared a grand reception was given the
party at the Opera House, where there
were speeches of welcome and responses,
refreshments and music. Mr. Michael
M. Clark, Clerk of Courts and chairman
of the Board of Selectmen for many
years, was the chairman of the citizens'
entertainment committee, and nothing
that would contribute to our comfort
was omitted.Taking up the line of march on Tues-
day morning, the party proceeded by the
Bangor & Aroostook to

Presque Isle.

passing northward through the grand
farming towns of Littleton, Monticello,
Bridgeport, Blaine and Westfield, past
Mars Hill. Brother Collins of the Star-
Herald was expected to greet us here,
but doubtless appalled by the magnitude
of the invasion, he put off into the
woods for a week's seclusion. But he
couldn't carry the town with him, and
we had that all to ourselves, and with
the kind offices of Col. Chas. P.
Allen, Hon. Thomas H. Phair, his
brother James, and other enterprising
citizens, every minute of our time was
profitably taken up. In the afternoon
tents were provided, as at Houlton, and
drives were taken to every portion of
the town and the outlying farms, of
which there are none better in the
county or State. The people here claim
that they are superior to any in the
State. We could hardly realize when
we looked upon the excellent water-
works, electric light plant, school house
costing \$25,000, fine hotels, banks and
business blocks, that twelve years ago
the main business street was swept out
of existence by fire. Forty houses have
been built the present season. In one
important section where there was a cow
pasture three years ago, there is now a
thriving portion of the village. As in the
other places, the railroad has put new
life into the town. Almost purely an
agricultural community, it has a clean,
thrifty population, and we have no
doubt they are correct when they say
they have nearly 5000 inhabitants. It is
one of the sweetest towns we ever visit-
ed, as also one of the busiest, being the
trading centre of a large region lying
north and west of it. We found no an-
tagonism between the "country" and the
"city" portions; the farmers all
willingly vote for the most liberal propo-
sitions for schools, sewers, streets,
sidewalks, and other improvements.While there we were quartered at the
Presque Isle Hotel, S. B. Gates, proprie-
tor, with the popular Story Duff as clerk.
Everything was in city style, and with
city accommodations.Obtaining refreshing rest for the night,
"the great moral show" was in good
trim, Thursday morning, for moving on
to the bustling town of

Caribou.

A city soon? Certainly, along with
Houlton, and Fort Fairfield a close third.
Here a shower, so much needed by the
growing crops, struck us, but it didn't
hinder a large portion of the party tak-
ing the teams that had been provided,
and visiting New Sweden, where the
writer had not been for fifteen years;
and what a magic transformation had
taken place! In place of the dense fore-
sts there are smiling, cultivated farms,
and happy, prosperous homes. Twenty-
five years ago, when the Scandinavian
first looked upon the scene, wild animals
had full possession of the premises.
Now all is changed. As diversified
farming is pursued here, New Sweden
has more the appearance of the older
farming communities. As the town has
grown, the capital has been removed,
and on either side of it are the homes of
as happy and prosperous a people as
can be found anywhere. The influence
of these people is felt throughout the
town and State.Others of the party visited the various
places of interest in this booming town,
which has the prospects of becoming a
city in the near future with a population
of six thousand. Many of the business
men came from the cities and large towns
of the State, and have business experi-
ence. Some \$75,000 were spent for
building purposes the present year.
This includes the buildings erected and
in process of erection. Portions
of our party visited the grand water-
power, the salmon pool, which has
proved so very successful, the spacious
stores, the school buildings, and wit-
nessed the material evidences of thegrowth and prosperity that have made
the town famous. All the religious so-
cieties have well equipped meeting
houses, there are some manufacturing
establishments, which will soon be mul-
tiplied. The starch factories, three in
number, grind up about 150,000 bushels
of potatoes, manufacturing annually
about 600 tons of starch. Then there
are grist mills, doing an immense busi-
ness, foundry and machine shops, lum-
ber mills, wood working plants, furni-
ture factory, carriage manufactories, etc.
Above all, men and women are raised
here, and they are the most valuable
products of all—men of brains and
women of beauty and good sense.In the evening the people crowded
Clark's hall to extend greetings to the
Association. The Caribou Band that
had welcomed our arrival at the depot,
and serenaded us at the hotels, was on
hand to furnish excellent music. Judge
Stearns presided, and the speech of wel-
come was made by Mr. A. W. Hall of
the Aroostook Republican, and they were
warm words indeed. He has one of
the nearest printing offices in the
State, indicating that he was all ready
for company. Responses were made by
members of our party, and at nine
o'clock the company adjourned to Odd
Fellows' Hall, where a grand reception
was given by the people of Caribou.There were singing, recitations, and
other delightful exercises, followed by
a supper in the banquet hall. If the
Odd Fellows have a more beautiful hall
in Maine than this, we have failed to
see it.While at Caribou our party stopped at
the Vaughan House, kept by our old
friend, B. J. Smith, and the Hotel Bur-
leigh, A. W. Scott, Proprietor. As
places are known by their hotels, Caribou
will never suffer in its reputation on
account of these. They are excellent in
every respect.Again turning our backs upon one of
the fairest towns of this banner county,
on Friday morning we pass on to fair
Fort Fairfield.Here we received many courtesies
from W. T. Spear, Esq., who had charge
of the arrangements for our comfort and
entertainment. He was well and ably
assisted by Bro. Ellis of the Northern
Leader, and Bro. Harvey of the Beacon.Sustaining these were the entire popu-
lation of the place, who vied with each
other in their endeavors to make our
stay pleasant and agreeable. Here it
took two hotels to hold us, the Collins
House, M. E. Collins, Proprietor; and the
Windsor Hotel, Tupper & Kellogg, Pro-
prietors. Both excellent houses, and en-
titled to the liberal patronage which they
receive. Here is another beautiful town,
with a population of about 4000. The
water works are on the gravity system,
and electric lights furnish the illumina-
tion. Here, as in the other leading
towns, great attention has been given to
the school houses. The town is splen-
dently situated on the Aroostook river,
and has a wide business street extend-
ing a mile and a half in length. There
are stores that would do credit to Bos-
ton or New York, and the stocks are ex-
hibited in a most attractive and pleas-
ing manner. Some of the finest resi-
dences are now being built on the
side streets that are pushing out from
the main thoroughfare. The town has
had a rapid growth the last five-
teen years, but this will be greatly
increased by the opening of the B.
& A. Railroad. One of the interesting
places visited was Fort Hill, where are
the remains of the earthworks throwa
up in the Aroostook war, some of the
buildings used as barracks, store-houses,
etc., all of historic interest, and all of
which will be carefully preserved by the
present owner who has built on a portion
of the hill a handsome residence which
he calls "Fort Cottage." Here the citi-
zens were on hand with their handsome
turnouts, and pleasant trips were taken
to every part of the beautiful town. In
the evening a complimentary concert was
given in the Memorial Hall, which was
finely decorated for the occasion. We
were told at Houlton that we should
find at Fort Fairfield the best musical
talent in Aroostook county, and after
listening to the concert we were ready
to believe it. After the concert refresh-
ments were served by twenty young
ladies dressed in uniform, with sashes
bearing the names of the different news-
papers represented. We may have been
prejudiced, but the young ladies represent-
ing the Maine Farmer seemed to us the
"fairest of the fair." After this came a
social dance, participated in by the young
people. This closing reception was the
most elaborate of the series and was en-
joyed by all.Saturday morning, bright and early,
the excursionists started for home,
where they all arrived in the evening
with sharpened pencils, ready to write
out an account of the trip.

Observations.

We return northward than ever of this
"Garden of Maine," of its rich soil, cul-
tivated fields, prosperous villages and
intelligent people. It is the hope of the
State. But the time is not far distant
when the people of that county will
find it for their interests to devote their
time more to diversified agriculture, and
less to potato raising—to dairying and
the establishment of manufactures, thus
making a home market for their prod-
ucts. They cannot afford to import
such vast quantities of commercial fer-
tilizers and oats. They should keep
stock to consume their hay, and raise
their own oats. As they have outgrown
the period of buckwheat and hand-
shaved shingles, so the time is coming
when the vast potato fields and huge po-
tato store-houses will be used for other
purposes. It will not come, however,
while potatoes are a money-making crop.There are forty-five starch factories in
the county, which will this season grind
up about ten million barrels of potatoes,
producing eight thousand tons of starch,
three-fourths of which go over the Ban-
gor & Aroostook Railroad to Massachu-
setts, New York, Lewiston and else-
where. That would seem to be starch
enough to supply the whole stick-up
world.We saw very few cemeteries, but at
Fort Fairfield we were taken by the beau-
tiful resting place of the dead by thebanks of the river, as the committee
didn't want us to go away with the im-
pression that people lived forever in
Aroostook!The fertile farms in the Aroostook
valley are attracting the attention of
young men who took the unwise advice
of Horace Greeley, and "went West."
Those who can get money enough to pay
their fare are fast returning East, and
settling in this charming county.Mr. Gooch, who kept the first school
in Aroostook county, is still living in
Yarmouth. This indicates what a new
country this is.Why should the people of Aroostook
county import oats for their lumber
teams, when they can be raised more
easily in that soil than potatoes? We
leave the conundrum for the farmers
there to solve.Twice during the trip our party entered
the Queen's dominions. They are slower
in their methods over there; the farms
do not show so good cultivation; the
buildings are not in so good condition as
those on this side the line.There were a good many humorous
incidents along the route, but for these
we have no room—such as the proposal
of marriage to "Fly Rod" from an Indian
chief; the sudden fall of a horse when
it looked at one of the ladies of the party
on the front seat of the carriage; the in-
quiry of a farmer who saw our process-
ion, if a "circus was in town?" etc.The following resolutions were adopted
by the party:Resolved, That this Association extend
thanks, for courtesies received, to the Maine
Central and Bangor & Aroostook Railroads; to
the proprietors of Hotel Exchange, Snell
House and citizens of Houlton; to S. B. Gates,
landlord of Presque Isle Hotel, and other citi-
zens of Caribou; and to the landlords of the
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joyable in the history of the association, and
the marked attention shown us by the good
people of Aroostook will never fade from our
memory.

THE PUBLIC AND THE NEWSPAPER.

The current number of Harper's Maga-
zine contains a thoughtful article on
the trend of the modern newspaper and
the policy so apparent to cover space
with little regard to quality. Somehow,
publishers seem to have grasped the
idea that the value of a publication was
to be measured solely by the number of
pages or its gross weight. We quote
from the article mentioned:"Anybody who is industrious can
gather gossip and rumors, and pour them
into the telegraph or into the newspaper
columns. It requires knowledge and ex-
perience to gather valuable and trust-
worthy news. And it is the news de-
partment of the American papers—that
department which is generally supposed to
be their great contribution to the world
of public responsibility, but they are the
victims of news-gatherers, telegraphic
and other, who lack knowledge and dis-
crimination, or who are forced into sen-
sationalism by rivalry. Much as we
boast of our 'reputable' enterprise, the
lack of public confidence in the news
printed shows that the reporting depart-
ment of the American newspaper is its
weakest part. It is doubtful if it can be
greatly improved while the modern no-
tion prevails of chasing the absolute
gossip about people in private life, in-
stead of confining itself to legitimate
news of general interest."Sometimes the question is raised as
to the future of the weekly publisher or
in view of the fact that the daily is reach-
ing out to a constantly widening circle
of readers. To our mind the whole
problem will revolve around one centre,
that of quality. While to-day there may
be an evident rush of the sensation-
ists and unstable, for the froth of news-
papers, the pendulum is sure to swing
to more conservative ground where go-
live matter, clearly presented in a bright,
pleasing manner, will be accepted as the
standard. The great bulk of readers
take up the newspaper for entertainment
and also for instruction. They seek
something suggestive and helpful, served
in a pleasing, appetizing manner. The
newspaper which meets this call will be
the one which will succeed.Talk as one may of enterprise man-
ifested in sensational headlines and num-
berless pages, that is not the enterprise
which puts beneath it a permanent and
stable foundation. It caters to present
demands, feeds unhealthy desires and
tastes, and finally will be discarded
simply because it has no substance.Enterprise, life, energy there must be,
but unless these feed and strengthen as
well as amuse, they will be fruitless.
There is an enterprise which is always
abreast of the times, and which at the
same time furnishes the lessons of
which development comes. Where this
is manifested, that newspaper will ever
be wanted.The importance of making a careful
study of the subject of irrigation must
be recognized by observing farmers, and
that by it farm crops are to be increased
and protected in the future there can
be no question. How to supply a complete
system at least expense, is the problem
calling for a thorough investigation to-
day.If the New England Fair never comes
to Portland again whose fault will it be?
—Express.Surely not of the busy, energetic work-
er, Mr. H. F. Farnham, who is doing all
he can to secure success. It looks as
though the local papers were getting a
little sour on Portland.Another cause for sympathy with
and for the public. The Horr-Harvey
silver debate came to an end Monday.
The debate ran through eight days, and
145,000 words in all were spoken. All
this must be read before one can know
what to think.Mr. Z. A. Gilbert of the Farmer is to
give the address at the coming fair of the
old Kennebec Agricultural Society at
Readfield.banks of the river, as the committee
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pression that people lived forever in
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printed shows that the reporting depart-
ment of the American newspaper is its
weakest part. It is doubtful if it can be
greatly improved while the modern no-
tion prevails of chasing the absolute
gossip about people in private life, in-
stead of confining itself to legitimate
news of general interest."Sometimes the question is raised as
to the future of the weekly publisher or
in view of the fact that the daily is reach-
ing out to a constantly widening circle
of readers. To our mind the whole
problem will revolve around one centre,
that of quality. While to-day there may
be an evident rush of the sensation-
ists and unstable, for the froth of news-
papers, the pendulum is sure to swing
to more conservative ground where go-
live matter, clearly presented in a bright,
pleasing manner, will be accepted as the
standard. The great bulk of readers
take up the newspaper for entertainment
and also for instruction. They seek
something suggestive and helpful, served
in a pleasing, appetizing manner. The
newspaper which meets this call will be
the one which will succeed.Talk as one may of enterprise man-
ifested in sensational headlines and num-
berless pages, that is not the enterprise
which puts beneath it a permanent and
stable foundation. It caters to present
demands, feeds unhealthy desires and
tastes, and finally will be discarded
simply because it has no substance.Enterprise, life, energy there must be,
but unless these feed and strengthen as
well as amuse, they will be fruitless.
There is an enterprise which is always
abreast of the times, and which at the
same time furnishes the lessons of
which development comes. Where this
is manifested, that newspaper will ever
be wanted.The importance of making a careful
study of the subject of irrigation must
be recognized by observing farmers, and
that by it farm crops are to be increased
and protected in the future there can
be no question. How to supply a complete
system at least expense, is the problem
calling for a thorough investigation to-
day.If the New England Fair never comes
to Portland again whose fault will it be?
—Express.Surely not of the busy, energetic work-
er, Mr. H. F. Farnham

Poetry.

THE FARMER.

(Translated from the Welsh by Lily E. Barr.)

The king may live o'er land or sea,
The lord may rule right royally,
The soldier ride in pomp and pride,
The sailor roam o'er ocean wide;
But this or that what's better,
The farmer he must feel them all.

The writer thinks, the poet sings,
The craftsman fashions wondrous things,
The doctor heals, the lawyer pleads,
The miner follows the precious leads;
But this or that what's better,
The farmer he must feel them all.

The merchant he may buy or sell,
The teacher do his duty well,
But men may toll through busy days,
Or men may stroll through pleasant ways;
From king to beggar what's better,
The farmer he must feel them all.

The farmer's trade is one of worth,
He's partner with the sky and earth.
He's partner with the sun and rain,
And no man loses for his gain;
And men may rise and men may fall,
But the farmer he must feel them all.

God bless the man who sows the wheat,
Who finds us milk and fruit and meat,
May his purse be heavy and his heart be light,
His cattle and corn all go right,
God bless the seeds his hands let fall,
For the farmer he must feel them all.

Our Story Teller.

A LITTLE STORE.

An anxious "committee on ways and means" met in Miss Beesley's little sitting-room. A cheerful fire of pine-logs was burning on the small, neat hearth; it flickered and sparkled in joyous fashion, and helped decidedly to drive away the dampness from without, and the depression that threatened within.

It was the usual pathetic story: A young girl, suddenly orphaned, without capital or special training, and with a younger brother and sister depending on her for support. They had come south for the sake of the delicate mother; here she had died, and they were almost strangers. A temporary home had been offered them by Miss Beesley, their eccentric maiden neighbor, and here, while little Eddie was cozily sleeping, the older ones were talking over the situation.

"What can I do?" sighed poor Louise Hunter. "I have said that over and over to myself so much, that the words don't mean anything any more; can either of you two help me out?" turning to her brother Fred and to Miss Beesley, both of whom were staring thoughtfully into the fire.

A long silence followed, broken only by the snapping fire and the ticking of the tiny clock on the shelf above.

"If only I could keep on with my studies at Kelsey college," broke out Fred. "I wouldn't so much mind the rest. I'd be willing to chop wood or haul muck, if I needn't give that up."

"My dear girl," said the little old woman, with an air of business, "I've a question to ask you. Your mother was a woman of ability, and you are much like her in many ways; among all the things she taught you, what can you do the best?"

Louise considered a few moments and then answered with a faint little smile:

"Don't laugh, Miss Beesley, please, but I really do believe my answer must be 'darning and patching.' Mamma used to say that fine mending was one of the 'lost arts,' and gave me careful instructions, saying that I learned so readily she was quite proud of me."

"Good! what else can you do?" said Miss Beesley, with emphasis.

Louise answered slowly: "I hardly know what else; I used to enjoy cooking little delicate dishes for mamma, to tempt her; and I dearly love to make candy."

"You'd just better believe she can, too!" broke in Fred, now thoroughly interested. "She's made all our Christmas and birthday candies ever since we've been here, for the grocery candy isn't much but glucose and chalk. I wish I had some of her 'cocoanut bar' this very minute, so I do!" And the young collegian paused, now thoroughly out of breath.

"Item No. 2," said Miss Beesley, cheerily. "Is there anything else?"

"No, I think not," responded Louise, vaguely encouraged by her friends' pleasant words. "Mamma had a real knack with flowers, and I used to enjoy helping her so much; but, after all, I know very little about them. Dear Miss Beesley, I don't know much of anything, I'm afraid; I can't sing or play or write, or teach. I'm only a humdrum nobody, and yet everybody depends on me; and the brown eyes grew troubled and misty once more."

"Don't fret," said Miss Beesley, kindly, stroking the soft, slim fingers, "but just listen to me, you two young things, for I've got a plan. Fred wishes most of all to go to Kelsey. Right he is, and he shall. But as we are out here in the country, and Kelsey college is over there at Woodbridge, a change must be made. You, dear Louise, must move to Woodbridge, rent a tiny cottage, put out a plain little sign, 'Darning and Patching Done With Skill' ('I'll make the sign!' shouted Fred), put a little notice in the local paper, and, with good management, work will come. In two or three months the great hotels will begin to fill up with winter visitors, the 'St. James' at Woodbridge among them. Then is the time for candy making. Have everything exquisitely good, put up in attractive shape, labeled 'Homemade,' and displayed at the nearest store in the village. Let hotel people alone for finding out anything new! Perhaps a few pots of flowers will help out, also; but you will know best about that. Now what do you say?" concluded the little old maid, looking her vigorously.

Louise's eyes had gradually been growing bigger as the plan unfolded.

"It sounds beautiful!" she said, tremulously. "Do you think I could do it?"

"I think you will do it, my child," said her friend, with decision. "For the sake of the dear ones who love you."

As for Fred, he could scarcely contain his feelings.

"Miss Beesley, you are a trump!" he cried in his healthy ringing tones; "I'll weed all your flower-beds to-morrow."

The next week was a busy time for all; a careful inventory was made of their slender possessions, some things sold, and others kept for the new home. One day Miss Beesley and Louise made a trip to Woodbridge and returned at nightfall, tired, but triumphant, having found a house suited to their needs; and early the next week the transfer was made.

"Good-by, my dears, and may Heaven bless you," said Miss Beesley, with one or two suspicious sniffs, and winked her black eyes very hard as the train steamed up to the platform. "Let me know if anything goes wrong."

Reaching Woodbridge they walked up to the new home, leaving the freight to be sent up later. Such a tiny little home. Three rooms with a small "lean-to" kitchen, and a patch of garden in the rear, all situated just as the outskirts of the town, not far from the college buildings, and with the flagstaff of the "St. James" in plain sight. The house seemed to have been built for a small shop, as the front room, which was good-sized and airy, had two large, projecting windows with wide ledges, facing the street, and a small row of shelves on one side. But there was plenty of dust and cobwebs, and work for everybody. Such a trotting as the poor pair of feet kept up! all day, and such a tired trio as they were when night came! A week's time found them very nicely settled.

"This front room," said Louise, "is to be parlor, office and reception room, so we must make it look its prettiest."

Meanwhile Fred had not been idle; a very creditable little sign had been made and painted, a notice had been put in the local paper, a few circulars describing the new business of "Patching and Darning," and giving prices for work, had been distributed by this same enterprising boy. The absurd little garden in the rear of the house had been spaded and put in nice order, awaiting some seed packets that were even now on the way; and next week college would begin, and the light-hearted, helpful boy would be busy with his books. But Eddie would be left; and a jolly little helper she was, full of dimples and good nature.

Now and then a small bit of work came in. Only ten cents a pair for stockings, but so beautifully done were they that others followed soon.

First one bachelor and then another rescued his mending from the corner "Aunt" who did his washing (who sewed on white buttons with black thread and "vice versa"), and sending it down to the tiny store at the street's end found everything put in order "as mother used to do it." But the college boys were a wonderful help to the business. Of course they got dreadfully "torn up," as boys always will, and as most of them were away from home, they were glad enough to find a pair of deft fingers so near.

By and by the great hotel began to show signs of life. Then the hacks and street cars began making frequent trips, and great piles of "Saragatos" cumbered the platforms at the station.

While all this hubbub was going on half a way down the street were the clattering times at the Hunter's. A mysterious box had arrived from the north, and certain delicious odors hung around the various packages. A half-barrel of sparkling sugar was deposited in one corner; the oil-stove and several small kettles and pans received an extra scouring. A busy trio of young folks sat around the lamp after supper, cracking and picking and skinning raisins and dates, chopping citron and figs. All her resting moments Louise spent in the "big rocker," studying receipts and inventing new combinations. She decided that her first candy venture should consist of only a few varieties, and those the most familiar to her.

Chocolate cream, of course; but there are creams and creams. Louise's all looked about the same outside, a rich, dark brown, but you never saw into what delicious inner compound your teeth would sink; some were white and vanilla flavored; some with cocoanut with lemon added; some pink, with a trace of bitter almond; some dainty fruit paste; and the last one was always the best. Cream dates, pink and white, rolled in granulated sugar; cocoanut cones, baked in the little oven and with just the right golden brown tinge on the top; walnut and maple creams, and lastly, a delightful combination invented by Louise herself, and irreverently dubbed "hash balls" by the irrepressible Fred.

In due time all were made, tastefully arranged in an amber glass bowl, and left at "Brown's," the one drug store of the village. It was a pretty, attractive store, where soda water and other things besides the usual stock could be obtained, so the hotel people were quite sure to be frequent customers.

A little card was fastened to the bowl of glittering sweets, which read: "Darning and Patching Done With Skill." "Mamma had a real knack with flowers, and I used to enjoy helping her so much; but, after all, I know very little about them. Dear Miss Beesley, I don't know much of anything, I'm afraid; I can't sing or play or write, or teach. I'm only a humdrum nobody, and yet everybody depends on me; and the brown eyes grew troubled and misty once more."

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"Mother taught me several lace-stitches," said Louise, quietly, "and I will do my best for you."

Giving her name as Mrs. Wallingford, and with a pleasant comment on the blooming flowers in the window, the lady departed.

There was rather a lull just now in the "handy business," private orders coming in more seldom, so the next morning Louise began the lace work; it took all the spare time of that week, but when completed it was a beautiful piece of repairing.

On Monday, early in the morning, Mrs. Wallingford, accompanied by two other ladies, called to inquire about her candy-making; and a cocoa nut cone was just out of the oven, a kettle of fondant had just reached the proper consistency, the air was laden with sweet odors, and Louise was in a big apron up to her chin. Hastily turning down the lamps and setting the "cream" in a pan of hot water, she went behind the counter and produced the work. Everyone exclaimed over its beauty, the owner being particularly pleased.

"I don't know how much it ought to be," said Louise, ingenuously; "this is the first work of the kind I have ever done for pay."

"But I know how much it is worth to me," said Mrs. Wallingford, and gave her a check for such generous dimensions that Louise was quite overwhelmed.

The next day quite a bundle of work came down from the "St. James"; a lace tie and fichu, some dainty little thread hose and silk underwear, and until the hotel closed Louise always had work of that kind on hand. Moreover, as one after another the visitors began packing trunks for a northern trip, pretty boxes of confectionery were stowed away among their belongings.

April came, and the vast hotel was silent once more; only six weeks longer and the college would close, and most of Louise's merry and boyish patrons would be gone. Even now it was growing so warm that "sweets" were not so much desired. She had time for her garden and household work, time also for making a few friends, and among them Mrs. Singleton, matron of the college. Many a pleasant afternoon did she and Eddie spend in that lady's sunny parlor; and it was a little odd, that as often as not Prof. Allen would come in with Fred about five o'clock, and all four would walk down to the "P. and D. Establishment" together. Later on he brought Mrs. Singleton for an evening call, and noting the brave and quiet simplicity in which Louise lived, lost his heart more and more surely.

When July came, with its heat and heavy rainfall, Louise lost all her roses. Miss Beesley had gone to the Adirondacks a month before, and now a letter came from her saying, so kindly: "Dear child, I need you; come and spend the summer with me and we will do each other good."

How Louise longed to go! Mrs. Singleton's advice was to the point: "Now just you go! Don't worry about Fred one minute; I'll board him, and welcome, for the company and help he'll be to me. And so in a short time Louise and her merry little sister were gone. Prof. Allen spent a rather doleful summer; there seemed to be other things besides his socks that needed "patching and darning"—his heart, for instance, and his temper; and he learned, to his great surprise, how empty one's world may be when only one small person is out of it.

Among the cool and quiet hills Louise gained strength and spirits rapidly, and spent long, cool mornings preparing and crystallizing fruit for her winter trade, strengthened and cheered by Miss Beesley's kindly, practical common sense.

"Child," said the latter one day, suddenly coming out at a "break-a-day," "I believe when you go back I'll spend the winter with you. You've no idea how lonesome it was last year, especially when the lumbago got so bad; and if I won't be in the way."

A soft hand was laid over her mouth just here, and a sweet, glad voice called out:

"You'll just make the 'way' all right and shining and clear if you are in it. Oh, dear Miss Beesley! do come!" And so it was settled.

"And you won't mind fifty pounds extra baggage, will you?" said the little old maid, "when it happens to be the best Vermont maple sugar?" The nuts will be along about Christmas."

Two weeks later and the party were safely domiciled in the cozy little cottage, and Louise was in a circle as he worked, which swiftly shaped itself into a hut.

A remarkably short time sufficed to complete his simple preparations for the night; and, once within the tiny inglool, he pilloved his head on Khimik's shaggy back and slept.

The morning dawned bright and fair; the wind still blew with wild persistence, but the sky was clear; and Skiepa, driving forth a small skin bag part full of oil, shared the morning contents with his dog; then sat the bag and shared that morsel also, and started again upon the search for game, chewing the bit of seal skin as he went.

It might have been near noon when Khimik stopped, cocked up his ears and keenly sniffed the air.

Skiepa's heavy heart grew light with joy and springing the dog more leath, he urged him on.

Khimik turned sharply toward the wind and ran a pace or two, halted, and looked back at the leath, with head erect and tightly curling tail.

Skiepa looked carefully at the priming of his gun, then gave the dog his will and followed noiselessly.

Presently the animal stopped and looked at the snow-covered ground. The snow-covered ground, Skiepa, kneeling, saw a few faint scratches there and rose with glowing cheeks and flashing eyes.

"It is Nanuk!" he whispered, breathlessly. "Good dog, good Khimik, keep on!" And cautiously they followed up the trail.

Upon a cluster of rugged hummocks they found the bear lazily dozing in the noontide sun, and, keeping well to leeward, stole upon him with such silent tread that Nanuk took no notice of their approach, nor dreamed an enemy shared the field with him, until a well-aimed bullet pierced his side and the red blood spurted forth. Then with a roar of rage and pain, the great beast rose and faced the daring boy—who now was lazily reloading his clumsy weapon—paused a moment and flung himself at his foe; but ere he reached his aim the gun was poised and two shots rang out simultaneously.

His arms and breast with sudden alights, like some sound sleeper slowly waking, and cracked and ground its covering of white, tossing huge fragments upon end, and filling the snowy ocean plain with hills and knolls, which scintillated with dazzling luster beneath the bright morning sun.

In the shadow of a lofty cliff, upon a bank of deeply drifted snow, were six white mounds, which might have attracted no attention except, perhaps, by their regularity of form.

From one of these there emerged, upon all fours, the short, squat figure of an aged man, who rose erect, tossing the long, grizzled hair back from his eyes impatiently, and turned to address another following him.

"'Twas I who said it, Kupa, did I not?" he demanded.

His companion, scrambling to his feet, grunted an assent, and proceeded to envelope his head in the fox-trimmed hood which made one piece with his loose fitting upper garment.

Both men were clothed alike in heavy furs, the spotted hairy skins of the fanger seal; each carried a long, old-fashioned muzzle-loading rifle, and a heavy spear tipped with walrus tusk, attached to which was a long thong of walrus hide swinging in loose coils from his mitted hands.

Their full, broad, brownish faces, straight black hair, piercing eyes, flat noses and short statures proclaimed them to be of the Eskimo race, and their equipment would not have been sufficient.

"The foolish boy has not returned," continued the elder, in the Esquimaux tongue. "The time was ill and nothing could be gained. I said it, but the stripling mocked at me—me, Mutterjek—the oldest of the tribe! Was I not shaman before this cub was born?"

"Softly, master, we must be off to find the meat to-day, so let the trouble lie. It is not good to feed the empty stomach on idle thoughts; so thou thyself hast said. Thou art my mother's husband, the never-failing hunter, the true of aim. Our time will come. Shall we let our people starve while tooktoo (the deer) yet may roam the hills? Skiepa may have found him while we talk."

"That he will not!" the shaman cried. "Take which way thou wilt—the deer is mine, if any may be found."

And swinging his long gun to his shoulder he started off, with agility surprising in one so old, and soon was lost to sight among the drifts.

Skiepa had started out the day before, in spite of storm of driving wind and biting hail, in search of anything that might be found for food.

The deer had disappeared across the level, the seals became exceptionally scarce, disease had visited the camp and robbed him of his father, the chieftain of the tribe, whose native judgment and instinctive knowledge of right and wrong, combined with strong will power and a kindly disposition, had made him with a law with those he ruled, enabled him to settle all disputes and yet retain the loving veneration of his people.

The dying chief had let them understand that Skiepa, though yet a youth in years, had met and slain Nanuk, the water bear, and earned his right to be their Kangeagatsuk.

The father had then cautioned and advised him: "My son, thou'lt have short time to mourn my death. Sickness and famine, twin-born, are upon us. Thou wilt be envied, and thy actions watched; some disease may be found for thy displacement."

"Go, if thou canst, and fill the camp with food; so shalt thou prove thy worth and earn affection. Take on thyself the burdens of the whole; nor seek to rule thy elders; but advise them."

"Cross not the shaman. Pay him his tribute as a gift deserved by reason of the mother he knows; and be not less than thyself to the lesser ones. When thou dost know the right way, hold it fast, and be not turned aside though every man's hand should uplift against thee."

Thinking of these, his father's dying words, Skiepa forced his way against the wind, narrowly watching for some sign of game, and clambering over the broken crags of rough ice which the brook channel round his island home and bound it to the distant Labrador main.

Khimik, his father's favorite hunter, gaunt leader of the team, trotted beside him, safely in leash.

So hour by hour they plodded on until the sun was low. Then Skiepa, halting before a drift of snow, drew a broad knife out from his sheath, and with practiced skill skinned the animal, and laid the pieces of seal skin in a circle as he worked, which swiftly shaped itself into a hut.

A remarkably short time sufficed to complete his simple preparations for the night; and, once within the tiny inglool, he pilloved his head on Khimik's shaggy back and slept.

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Presently the animal stopped and looked at the snow-covered ground. The snow-covered ground, Skiepa, kneeling, saw a few faint scratches there and rose with glowing cheeks and flashing eyes.

A monster staggered blindly, turned and beat the air with his huge forepaws, then fell on his side, and, drawing his knife, Skiepa leaped upon him.

"Be not so fast!" a harsh voice called out, angrily. "Nanuk is dead, but 'tis because of me. And I were not still young enough to hunt, thy carcass would need skinning, not the bear's."

And Mutterjek, the shaman, stood beside him.

"Look! Here thy bullet sped—and here again. This is the killing blow, here in the neck. It is the place to strike. None but a foolish boy would dispute me? He off at once and send the limbs know how to run, and tell no lying tales how thou didst kill."

Skiepa, knife in hand, remained erect. His color came and went throughout this speech, but otherwise he seemed unmoved by it. Then, stooping quickly, he severed one fast forepaw, slung it in a noose of sealskin thong, and with it on his shoulder strode away, no answer Mutterjek by a single word.

Khimik hungrily lapped the warm, red blood; but the shaman drove him off with vigorous blows, and, whining, he limped away on the road his master was pursuing with nervous steps.

That night, when all had feasted and hunger was a memory fading fast, Skiepa called a people to assemble and in a few words told them of the hunt.

"Mutterjek claims the killing blow as his; yet you all saw the wound in Nanuk's neck. The bear was facing me, its side to him; say, then, whose bullet was it that did the work? He has reviled me in terms unjust, unfit. Had he been younger he would have heard from me. I do not mix with age, nor bandy words. Is he to be your chieftain, or am I?"

The people looked anxiously at one another.

The shaman rose with brows dark as night; his teeth were ground together and his bronzed features twitched. A moment passed before he could control his rage sufficiently to speak in measured tones, and then he said:

"Children, this upstart boy, this lying cub, would have you say that he had slain the bear; that he alone had found the camp food; that he alone was fit to rule the tribe!"

Then swaying his body slowly to and fro, beginning in a low voice, but gradually gaining force with eloquence, he told of the hunt.

"Who is drives away your aches and pains; restores your health and heals your wounds; charms the wild things which furnish us with food, brings buiyee (the seal) to your spears, draws deer-foot tooftoo from the inland wastes?"

"Who weaves the spell to keep our ancient foes from the mountain side, from spreading out upon our hunting ground, to kill our deer and seals, to steal our wives, to trap our men like foxes in their holes?"

"If this young crow should set him over us, look not to Mutterjek again when food is gone; look not to Mutterjek when illness comes."

"War with the tribes, and worse; disease, and worse; famine, and worse; ay, death, and worse shall come; for some shall be left to build your burial cairns; the wolves shall eat it! This I prophesy, I, Mutterjek! Oh, people, hear and heed your Mutterjek!"

And the harsh voice of the shaman rose to shrieking pitch, the people swayed to the rude rhythm of his speech; and Kupa threw himself, face downward, moaning, "Ahh! Ah!"

Then he said: "Ahh! Ah! thou art our shaman and our chief; Allah!"

The morning star shone brightly overhead when a solitary figure appeared before the group of icy huts, and a low voice called: "Khimik, come. Haulk haulk!"

A white responded as the dog thrust his sharp muzzle against Skiepa's hand; and slowly, but without hesitation and with not one backward look, the youth and his mate comrade faced the shaman, who, with a nod, turned and went on his way.

"Khimik, I have heard them tell," he said, "of strange, good men, with faces like the snow, who come to teach the people wondrous truths."

"They worship something which they call a 'book,' a package made of wafers, like crisp, dry leaves from off the berry vines, and covered with strange marks, at which they look and tell of many things; that some believe."

"Tis many days ago, in a warmer land, when I was a child, that I saw there be place for you and me."—N. Y. Independent.

SHADOWY FORD.

BY CHARLES W. CLARKE.

They had been in the great kitchen of the Soldiers' home, through the dormitories, reading-room, assembly hall, gardens and greenhouse. Still they hesitated after Corporal Chadwick said good-by at the foot of the flag staff.

There something more?" asked the corporal, leaning on his crutch.

"Yes, Uncle Chad. I wanted Myra to see Gen. Reeve and hear about Shadowy Ford," said Newton, clasping with one hand the plump fingers of his cousin Myra, and with the

Horse Department.

Good races at Fairfield and Pittsfield next week.

The four-year-old race at the State Fair, like the 2,40, will be one of the greatest races of the season.

13,000 people saw Joe Patchen take the pacing crown from Robert J. at Cleveland, O., last Thursday. Time—2:05 1/4, 2:04 1/4, 2:03, 2:03 1/4.

Maine's 2,30 list, while making a respectable showing is not what it should be, and the next few weeks will witness large additions. The goods are here and the time has come for letting loose.

St. Croix, Jr., will never be injured by carrying heavy shoes, as three ounces and three quarters is the limit for new shoes. This is the kind of a trotter to tie to.

Entries to State Fair Races Aug. 17. Those for Eastern State Fair Aug. 5, and for Rigby Aug. 10. Send to Secretaries for blanks and make entries. The Maine State Fair races are chiefly confined to Maine horses.

One of the good signs to be noted, is the fact that the horses which have been patronized this year have been those most noted for road horse qualities, themselves, and in their offspring. While the number of colts bred will be ridiculously small compared with what it should be, the quality will be improved.

James Nolan, Lewiston, has sold the well-known race horse St. James to E. Woodside of Brunswick, for \$1200. It is understood that Mr. Woodside buys for a third party. St. James has a record of about 2:20, and is a very handsome horse. He is by Dr. Franklin, a son of Gen. Knox, and is one of the best and most stylish road horses in the State. Twelve hundred dollars is a big price, but Maine can supply the goods worth the money. Come again, gentlemen, there are more left.

Rights of all parties must be respected if co-operative business is to be carried on over the race tracks. The societies pledge the money and the horsemen furnish the horses. Among the many questions where there are mutual obligations, that relating to the filling of classes requires that good faith be maintained with owners and drivers. If a class does not fill, the man who entered should be notified at the earliest possible moment after the hour of closing. The delay so common on the part of clerks and secretaries is inexcusable and should be corrected.

They seem to have a record breaker in Aroostook, which is attracting considerable notice from the fact that he won two races in one day, trotting the 2:30 class race at Fort Fairfield in 2:31, 2:25, and the free-for-all in 2:29 1/2, 2:27, 2:30. It is the horse Julius Robins, a chestnut gelding, eight years old, and was bred in Prince Edward Island. His pedigree is not particularly known, but is said to be good. He was brought to Lakeville, N.B., several years ago, and thence soon after to Fort Fairfield. He is the property of Leverett G. Kimball, a farmer of that town, who has been using him this season doing farm work. Julius has also started in two races before Saturday, under the guidance of G. L. Foss. Up to 1893 he had a record of about 2:42. This he reduced in 1894 to 2:36. At Houlton, June 20, 1894, he won in 2:29 1/2, and some people then thought he was outclassed and a back number. His work Saturday was a surprise and created a sensation. Too good credit cannot be given to skilful and square-dealing John Gentile for his mastery handling of the pacer. This horse should be seen in some of the State races outside of the county.

The Maine man who rigged up a common alarm clock so that it would open a sash and let some grain fall into his horse's feed-box at a certain hour in the morning is doubtless an original inventor in one sense of the term; but the plan is in operation in New York and other cities on a still larger scale. One clock, specially designed, is made to operate from twenty to forty clocks in a single stable, and perhaps a dozen stables are now so equipped. These are mostly owned by milk companies. It is often desirable to have horses fed at a very early hour, and this plan makes it possible to give them grain, or any other dry stuff, which can be stored for hours and then dropped through a hopper, long before the man who must clean and harness them is out of bed. The boxes that contain the food over night have trap doors in the bottom, and are provided with suitable spouts discharging into the manger. From each trap door a wire runs to the clock, which is arranged to liberate at the designated hour a heavy weight that moves a lever which in these wires are fastened. The next step will be an automatic card and curfew-bell, and then the last heavy straw will be removed from the back of the overworked horse owner, and all will be serene.

WILL NOT GO.

Of all the dreary rot which is being furnished at so much per column and published in papers supposed to be in the interest of the horse—to relate to the passing of horse and the filling of the place with electric carriages is the farthest from good common sense. These carriages will come and be used. They will take the place of some horses just as steam and electricity have already, but not to supersede the animal wanted for service to-day. The London Field says:

"So long ago as 1828 the London Weekly Review gave a notice of Burdall and Hill's steam carriage, which, it was confidently predicted, would soon run the stage coach off the road. Three years later Hancock's steam carriage made some experimental journeys to Brighton, but no success was achieved; nor did the later 'Infants,' or 'Autopods' which were tried on several roads, including that to Brighton, diminish in the least degree the takings of the stage coach proprietors. Some portion of the concerns was always breaking, but was not to be obtained just when it was wanted, the mud in the water which was taken in on the road clogged the wheels of this contrivance."

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boilers, while, when the machines would run they frightened all the horses on the road; and Byers, the professional informer, announced his intention of proceeding, under the Hackey Carriage Act, against the proprietors for not having the Stamp Office plate attached to the vehicles. However, the "Infants" and "Autopods" died out, and from that day until the recent experiments were made in France, mechanical road traveling save in the form of the bicycle, has been practically but little advanced.

When railroads were opened the stage coaches naturally became useless and large numbers of horses were thrown upon the market, but these always sold at good prices. The same condition prevailed in Europe and from the same source we quote further:

"Yet as soon as the forced sale of coach horses took place on the opening of railways, they brought better prices than ever, 65 animals which had been working on the Dover road bringing from £40 to £60 each. Personally, we do not think that if electric or other carriages come into fashion, they will have any appreciable effect on the number or price of horses. In some respects horses may be costly, but it is, as a rule, to be depended upon, and possesses advantages which cannot belong to any kind of machinery. The day is probably very far distant when the coachman and carriage groom will give place to driver and stoker, or some other governor of machinery. In the possession of a good horse, there always has been and always will be a special delight, while those who have not horses of their own are ever ready to admire those of others."

There is more danger that the horse wanted will not be forthcoming than that the demand will cease.

After bad weather for three days, four races were worked off Thursday at Old Orchard. Summaries:

2:12 TROT—PURSE \$500.
Wistful, b. m. by Wedgewood, 6 1 1
Tilted, b. m. by Glenwood, May, 1 5 3 4
Fred Wilkes, b. g. Johnson, 2 6 2 2
Zemina, b. m. Bowen, 2 6 2 2
Charles C. g. Demarest, 4 3 5 3
J. M. D. g. Turner, 2 14 14, 2 14.
Time—2:20 1/2, 2:23, 2:22.

2:35 TROT—PURSE \$500.
Candidate, b. k. s. by Slander, O'Neill, 1 1 1
Hudson, b. m. Johnson, 2 6 2 2
Spendrith, b. g. Bowen, 3 dis
Gloria, b. m. Brady, 4 3 5 3
Norland Wilkes, b. m. 4 3 5 3
Time—2:20 1/2, 2:23, 2:22.

2:14 PACE—PURSE \$500.
Maud F., g. m. Frank A. Bayne, 1 1 1
Johnnie B., g. m. Wade, 2 3 3
Paul Clifford, b. h. O'Neill, 3 4 2
B. H. D. g. Demarest, 2 6 2 2
Time—2:10, 2:17 1/2, 2:14.

2:18 TROT—PURSE \$500.
Nathaniel, b. m. by Bayonne Prince, 4 3 1 1
Bowen, b. m. by Glenwood, May, 1 5 3 4
Serranton Belle, b. m. by Bismuth, 1 5 3 4
Kinney, b. m. by Glenwood, May, 1 5 3 4
Marion Wilkes, ch. m. McCoy, 7 4 3 2
Coriella, b. m. Demarest, 7 4 3 2
Ernie, b. m. Wade, 2 6 2 2
Frenchie, ch. m. Carpenter, 4 2 5 5
Eugenie, b. s. Gallagher, 4 2 5 5
Time—2:10, 2:17 1/2, 2:14.

2:15 TROT—PURSE \$500.
Caprice, b. m. by Kentucky, 5 4 1 1
Wilkes, b. m. by Glenwood, May, 1 5 3 4
Vega, b. m. by Woodbridge, 1 5 3 4
Mark, b. m. by Glenwood, May, 1 5 3 4
Bliss, b. m. by Glenwood, May, 1 5 3 4
Margaret L. b. m. Johnson, 2 6 2 2
Dorinda, b. g. Foss, 2 6 2 2
Nosey, b. m. O'Neill, 2 6 2 2
Catherine Lebourne, ch. m. Set, 2 6 2 2
Time—2:15 1/2, 2:14 1/2, 2:13 1/2, 2:13 1/2.

2:30 PACE—PURSE \$500.
Pilgrim, b. k. h. by Acolyte, Opy, 4 3 1 1
Bonny McCurdy, b. g. Kerlin, 2 2 2 2
O'Donnell, b. h. O'Neill, 2 2 2 2
Tisham, b. m. Gardner, 1 5 3 4
Templeton, ch. g. Leach, 1 5 3 4
Time—2:17 1/2, 2:20 1/2, 2:18 1/2, 2:18 1/2.

2:11 PACE—PURSE \$500.
Vitalo, b. h. by Legal Tender, 1 5 3 4
Jewell, b. m. by Glenwood, May, 1 5 3 4
Marston, b. m. by Glenwood, May, 1 5 3 4
Blizzard, b. g. Smart, 2 6 2 2
Aleyo, b. h. O'Neill, 2 6 2 2
Rocks, ch. m. Yapp, 2 6 2 2
Rebus, b. g. Demarest, 2 6 2 2
Time—2:10 1/2, 2:11 1/2, 2:13, 2:14, 2:14 1/2.

2:17 PACE—PURSE \$500.
Daisy Dean, b. m. by Tom Jack, 1 5 3 4
Jewell, b. m. by Glenwood, May, 1 5 3 4
Eliza K. ch. m. by Robert Ryan, 2 6 2 2
Dorothy, b. m. by Glenwood, May, 1 5 3 4
Nellie McCreary, b. m. 3 8 4 3
Nellie, b. m. by Glenwood, May, 1 5 3 4
Nellie G. ch. m. 2:15, 2:14 1/2, 2:13 1/2, 2:13 1/2.
Time—2:14 1/2, 2:15, 2:14 1/2, 2:13 1/2.

2:22 CLASS—TROT—PURSE \$500.
Benton Wilkes, b. m. by Alcon, 2 6 2 2
Stella, b. m. 1 5 3 4
Lady Ruby, b. m. 7 9 2 2
Brown Jim, b. m. 3 4 9 3
King Harry, b. m. 3 4 9 3
Eldora, b. m. 6 7 5 5
Brown Lela, b. m. 6 7 5 5
Sion, b. m. 8 6 10
Precious, b. m. 9 10 7
Time—2:14 1/2, 2:16 1/2, 2:17 1/2.

2:25 CLASS—TROT—PURSE \$500.
Dan Robinson, ch. g. by Nuthurst, 5 1 1 1
Recker, b. g. by Colonnade, 1 4 5 5
Howell, b. s. 2 6 2 2
Rosebud, b. m. 3 3 2 3
Acress, ch. m. 4 3 5 3
Time—2:14 1/2, 2:15, 2:14 1/2, 2:13 1/2.

2:30 CLASS—TROT—PURSE \$500.
Rannee, g. m. by King Rover, 3 1 4 1
Dorothy, ch. m. by Sir Walter, 1 5 2 4
Gloria, b. m. by Nephew, 5 4 1 5
Belle Butler, ch. m. 3 3 2 3
Tommy, b. s. 4 2 5 4
Time—2:21 1/2, 2:25, 2:23 1/2, 2:24 1/2, 2:25 1/2.

Races at Onono, Thursday, 2:50 CLASS.
Louisa, ch. m. R. H. Waite, Fairfield, 1 1 3 1
Belle P. ch. m. N. G. Gould, Old Town, 2 2 1 2
G. J. Williams, b. m. H. L. Williams, 3 3 2 3
Hartland, b. m. 3 3 2 3
Elmira, b. m. m. Thos. McAloon, 4 4 4 4
Aron, g. m. A. R. Buck, Onondaga, 5 5 4 4
Time—2:34 1/2, 2:36, 2:36 1/2, 2:36.

2:50 CLASS.
Dick West, b. k. g. Chris Toole, Bangor, 6 1 1 1
Red Hawk, b. m. by Glenwood, May, 1 5 3 4
Tough End, H. Williams, Hartland, 1 5 3 4
Rosa Victor, b. m. g. G. Andrew, Bangor, 3 4 5 3
Harry C. g. m. 3 4 5 3
Time—2:28 1/2, 2:27 1/2, 2:29 1/2, 2:31.

Friday, 2:35 CLASS—PURSE \$100.
Louise, ch. m. m. Sunnyside Farm, 1 1 1
Little Miss, b. m. Sunnyside Farm, 3 3 2
Tommy K. b. m. m. Sunnyside Farm, 6 5 10
Gloria, b. m. m. Sunnyside Farm, 5 6 8
Lucy Striker, b. s. L. Spencer, Onondaga, 11 10 7
Fanchon, ch. m. m. Thomas McAloon, Bangor, 2 3 3
John A. b. m. m. Sunnyside Farm, 3 3 2
John A. b. m. m. Sunnyside Farm, 3 3 2
Time—2:28 1/2, 2:27 1/2, 2:29 1/2, 2:31.

The 2:35 class falling to fill a matched race between Camille and Onono Boy was arranged, won by Camille, time 2:29 1/2, 2:27 1/2, 2:31 1/2, 2:30, Onono Boy winning the second heat.

A PRIMITIVE RACE.

The North American Indians and Civilization.

Although the Aborigines Have Been Educated Somewhat, They Still Retain Their Wild and Barbarous Instincts.

There has always been a good deal of discussion whether the North American Indian could be civilized. It was admitted that he could be "converted," it was demonstrated, in individual cases, that he could be educated. But could he be civilized? In our observation, the process of civilization is a very slow one in a race. It must pass through a number of long stages of development, and the process cannot be hastened by artificial means. In our day, writes Charles Dudley Warner in Harper's Magazine, we have seen a number of races brought into sudden contact with civilization, and shrink away before it to the point of disappearance. The physical development seemed to be arrested, and the moral nature to be set from a savage non-moral condition into an amoral condition. We have, in our day, a belief in the omnipotent power of education, of the beneficent effect of the hot-house system applied to barbarians, or semi-barbarians. When we come in contact with a race like that in the Sandwich Islands, or in Tahiti, or the Africans, we fancy that all we need to do is to teach them our knowledge in order to put them at once in the line of civilized peoples. It seems to us that by this forcing process we can cut short the slow natural process of development. And we are surprised when the race thus being operated on does not respond to our treatment, but fades away under it, and in fact, finds civilization fatal to its life.

We go upon the assumption that every race is capable of a high civilization as we have attained that it is only a question of means and time—that, that nature has no failures in its plan, and is not satisfied, in many instances, with a very limited development. The careful and intimate study of the hairy Ainoos, on the Japanese island of Yezo, made recently by Mr. H. Savage Landor—the grandson of Walter Savage Landor—throws some light upon this subject. The Ainoos were once supposed to be the aboriginal Japanese, for they overran the islands; but they are a distinct and so far as we know, a unique race. They are wholly savages, but gentle savages, like the more amiable of the wild animals, and as filthy in their habits as animals usually are not. They are ideally near the conception of our superstitious ancestors, whose habits were chiefly arboreal. They are covered with hair like monkeys; but they are distinctly human, and not monkeys. They have no social organization, no laws, no religion, though many of the superstitions which are common in civilized communities, a meager vocabulary, and no written language. They show susceptibility to kindness, and form attachments as animals do. Here is no case of degeneration. They have never been civilized; they have never been in any higher intellectual or moral condition than they are now, and they never can be civilized. They are in process of slow extinction in contact with the Japanese. There is much evidence to show that they are a near primitive condition as any we have found, who ages ago advanced to a certain stage and there stopped. The advance that they have made is that they wear clothes in the winter weather, that they dwell in huts, that certain communities adhere together, that they intermarry in the community, and that there is a certain sketchy outline of family life. If one could say that they live without crime, it would be because they live without law. The monkey has the advantage of them in having a tail and a mischievous and malignant disposition. But hairy and savage as the Ainoos is, he is just as far from a monkey as is a Frenchman or a senator of the United States.

Even to the capacity of being insane, he is distinctly a human being, and not apparently the end of a chain of development, incapable of ever going a step further. He seems to have been preceded in Yezo by a race of pit dwellers, savages who lived in pits excavated in the ground, in the bottom of which fires were built, and which were probably roofed over in inclement weather. These would seem to be a lower order of beings than cave dwellers. But we, in them, another race that was only capable of a certain degree of development; and must these perish, without handing anything on or contributing anything to the progress of the human race? We never can tell. They may have been cut off in their experiment by too early a contact with a higher grade of development. It is possible that the North American Indian would have grown into civilization in time, if he had not been prematurely discovered, and confronted with our withering influence. It is possible that Africa, which has so many distinct types, might have evolved something worthy in long cycles of time. But we shall never know. In applying our civilization to Africa we are probably doing it to tribes. We shall get their lands, and we shall try to speedily educate them out of existence.

Protecting His Chickens.

A Sangerville (Me.) man has baffled the hen hawks, and so far the laugh is all on his side. He makes a large yard for his chicken coop, putting boards around the sides to prevent access from the outside, and over this he stretches wire netting with coarse meshes. Inside the hen and chickens run at will free from attacks of every sort. A number of times since he made this arrangement his family have been entertained by the antics of the hawks who swoop down upon their supposed prey all unaware of the interposed netting. Fetching up against it has seemed a great puzzle to them, for they flutter around on it so greedily for their prey that they can scarcely believe the chicks beyond their reach.

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any other Vacuum Leather Oil. Get a can at a harness or shoe store, or a half-pint to \$1.25 a gallon; book "How to Take Care of Leather," and swob, both free; use enough to find out; if you don't like it, take the can back and get your money. Sold only in cans, to make sure of fair dealing everywhere—handy cans. Best oil for farm machinery also. If you can't find it, write to VACUUM OIL COMPANY, Rochester, N.Y.

Poultry Department.

The lengthy article from the Baltimore Sun will repay a careful reading. Its suggestions are valuable and its conclusions sound.

Guard well the pullets. Protect them at night. Give them the free range of the farm and only coarse muscle forming food. Eggs in October, November and December should be the motto to-day, and every step taken be in that direction. The pullets will do their part if given a chance.

The Agricultural Epitome suggests

the following as a preventive of lice: Whitewash roosts and walls often. Take a pan partly filled with kerosene, and with a large paint brush carefully go over the perches, getting plenty of oil in all cracks. We have all our roosting poles and droppings boards movable, and once in awhile take all out doors (not forgetting the nests), apply the kerosene, and then set them on fire. After the oil is burned off we put out dirt on them. This will not hurt the wood, and will kill not only the lice, but spoil their eggs as well. We have done this thoroughly, and in two weeks time have discovered a new lot of lice; but by giving this treatment once a month, we were able to work all day in a hen roost and not get a single louse on us. These little fellows soon swarm where the chicks roost, as well as in the hen roost, and we should always be on the lookout for them. If taken in time it is very little trouble to keep them down.

PRACTICAL POULTRY RAISING.

A Profitable Industry when Rightly Managed—How to do it.

There is considerably more interest manifested every year in poultry raising, says the Baltimore Sun. The industry has become one of the leading ones, and the last census shows that the annual value of poultry and eggs in the United States is greater than that of wheat. It has become the mainstay of innumerable homes. This is even more the case in Europe than in this country. This country, however, advancing in the same line, but on a more practical basis. The farmer who follows the old-time method of giving his poultry corn alone as the main food is making a serious mistake. To-day the intelligent poultry raiser feeds his poultry with an object in view. If he wishes them to produce eggs he knows, or should know, just the kind of a varied diet or balanced ration they should be given. If they are to be fattened or gotten ready for market, another kind of ration he knows is necessary. The knowledge of these important facts is not the result of mere guess work. Actual experiment has proved that certain sorts of food will produce particular results. Great as has been the increase of the poultry and egg products, the increased demand for them has more than kept pace with it. The excellence of poultry meat and eggs when produced with good, sound, sweet, wholesome food is admitted by all. Their nutritious qualities, physicians declare, are not excelled, and they are justly classed as food of the most wholesome nature.

Poultry and eggs vary greatly in flavor and palatableness. Food has a great influence on the flesh and eggs of fowls. When hens are fed on offal and food that is unclean, their eggs will have sometimes a peculiar taste. An epicure will quickly notice the taint or unnatural flavor of such eggs or poultry meat. Eggs from such a source have been known to produce serious cases of cholera morbus, and the trouble placed on everything else except the real cause. The public now demand good poultry and eggs, and the scrawny specimens of dressed poultry and the eggs that used to contain about eleven different sizes in every dozen are becoming scarce.

The size and appearance of dressed poultry has been greatly improved, as have also the eggs. There is also much more uniformity in both.

These things are not the result, however, of tree-roosting, hunt-for-living chickens. The owners of flocks kept in the old-style way still get old-fashioned results.

The main bulk of the poultry raising is done by regular poultrymen, who produce poultry under adverse circumstances compared with the chances a farm affords. Why should not the farmer have his share of the immense amount paid every year for those products? He can if he will adopt practical methods in caring for his poultry. How should he commence to insure success? The very first thing he must make up his mind to do is to depend on himself to make the business a success. Next start with the true idea that poultry raising, if profit is to be derived from it, is a business. A man starting in a new business must commence with a small stock, so as to thoroughly familiarize himself with every little thing that success will hinge upon. When the small flock has become encouragingly successful, then he can branch out a little. He must not expect, though, to increase the flock and reap a proportionate increase of profits unless he also provides increased accommodations, and also supplements the other things that insure the profit of the small flock. It is this lack of increased facilities, expecting twice the number of hens to do as well as the former flocks, etc., that has brought disaster to many a man's poultry venture. Do not expect to compete with poultry experts if your flock is a mongrel one. If you cannot afford to purchase some pure bred fowls, secure a pure bred male, select some of the best of the hens and start in this way.

Practical poultry raising on the farm can be made a greater source of profit than anything the farm will produce. The occupation calls for an enterprising man who will make the occupation a business, and as before stated, learn it well before he ventures into it on a large scale. The same energy and strict attention that some farmers give to their pure bred cattle, if given to poultry would prove far more profitable.

Every failure, every mistake, need not be very discouraging; they merely point out the breakers that must be avoided. To the right kind of a man mistakes will

spur him on to renew and increase his efforts to attain success. Banish from the mind the idea at once, if it exists, that luck has anything to do with success in raising poultry. When you hear a certain man or woman "is lucky in raising poultry," go and investigate what is the cause of the so called luck. You will discover practical methods, timely attention, in fact the very points necessary to bring about success have made the person "lucky." Triumphs are attained in all occupations after certain trials are successfully overcome. Success is the crowning of effort.

The poultry business is too often advocated as one that any one can start and make a success of. A sheet of paper, covered with figures, showing if one hen can lay so many eggs in a year that two hundred will produce so many, and at so much a dozen, etc., will make a fortune in no time. This pencil-and-paper theory has deceived a good many. The poultry business is like all other occupations—one must continually be on the alert. Carelessness and neglect are costly, laziness terribly expensive, and when the enthusiasm begins to fade trouble begins. There will be trying times when patience will indeed be a most charming virtue, which serene perseverance alone can conquer.

The poultry raiser who has an inherent love for the business takes a deeper interest in it than the one who sees no fun or pleasure other than the dollars and cents. It would be advisable for any one intending to start in the business of practical poultry raising to visit some successful poultry raiser and inspect his premises and obtain as many points as possible. Note the way the houses are located, how they are kept, learn if possible, methods of feeding. Ask questions, don't be afraid to admit your general ignorance about chicken raising. Pretending to know more than you really do about it will prevent your learning many points. After you have once become a regular poultry raiser and have had a year or more of experience, do not pose as a know-it-all man, for after you have had twenty years' experience you will find there is still a chance to learn new ideas on poultry raising every day. When you do commence raising poultry as a business, if you have never had any experience, do not expect that all that is necessary is to "buy some good book on poultry."

Bees in the Champagne.

A curious incident occurred at Ascutt recently. While a large number of luncheon parties were enjoying the delights of an open-air repast in the gardens behind the grand stand, a great swarm of bees settled down on the guests around a table in a corner. They buzzed and buzzed everywhere. Ladies had been in their bonnets and gentlemen found their hats turned into striking likenesses of "Catch-em-all-cats." Some of the swarm settled on the cold salmon, and other members of it tumbled into the champagne cup. In fact, the bees created the greatest consternation among the ladies and gentlemen in that quarter of the grounds. They were gradually drawn off the luncheon party by a gentleman to whom occurred the happy idea of treating them to a little music on a metal tray under a tree. After the tapping or tinkling on the article had continued for two or three moments, the queen bee settled on the branches above to listen to it, and was at once followed by all the swarm. It was an extraordinary sight to see hundreds of the insects hanging like great black and gold clusters on the tree while the tinkling continued. It ceased with the luncheon, and the bees did no more harm.

Litigation Is Declining.

The English courts are making complaint of the decline of litigation. Cases are quickly disposed of and the number of new cases arising is not sufficient to keep some branches of the court occupied. Lord Justice A. L. Smith, an eminent member of the judiciary, in addressing a body of solicitors recently said that the judges were not to blame for the fact that few litigants sought the courts. One difficulty, he thought, was that a person having a case might go to law and be successful throughout and yet his costs would be heavy. Justice Smith believed that the losing litigant should pay all the costs, as is done in this country.

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every one.

Results prove conclusively that by the use of fertilizers rich in potash the crops of
Wheat and Rye
and all winter crops are largely increased and the soil is positively enriched. We will cheerfully mail our pamphlet on Potash, its Use and Abuse on the Farm, free of cost. They will cost you nothing to read, and will save you dollars. GERMAN KALI WORKS, 93 Nassau Street, New York.

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IMPORTED French Coach Stallions, Service Fee, \$50.00 to warrant, Gemare, Lothaire, Captain. Size, substance, intelligence, good disposition, and unbounded courage guaranteed. Bred for a quick market. These Colts sell. Send for Illustrated Catalogue. COME AND SEE ME. ELWOOD FARM, Lewiston Junction, Maine, J. S. SANBORN, PROPRIETOR.

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HOW ABOUT A NEW FEED CUTTER?

It will prove a great saving of time, strength, patience and nerve force, and a most economical move on your part to have one of these. Then why not investigate the merits of the oldest and best series of cutters on the market, the
BALDWIN IMPROVED FEED AND ENSILAGE CUTTER
They are simple, strong, durable, most perfectly constructed and will do the same amount of work with less power required by any other cutter on the market. Your equipment is incomplete without one of these machines. They are made in all sizes for either hand or power. We issue a catalogue descriptive of above cutter and cutters, sent free. Drop us a line and see for yourself. Our general Farm Tool Catalogue will also send you if you ask for it. BELCHER & TAYLOR, 461, TOOL CO., Box 115, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Arrangement of Trains in Effect June 23, 1895.
FOR BANGOR: Leave Portland, 11:10 A.M., 1:00, 2:30, 11:00 P.M. via Brunswick and Augusta, and 1:25 P.M. via Lewiston and Waterville. Leave Brunswick, 1:40 and 2:30 P.M., 11:20 A.M., 1:50 A.M. (night); leave Lewiston, 1:40 and 2:30 P.M., 11:20 A.M., 1:50 A.M. (night); leave Waterville, 1:40 and 2:30 P.M., 11:20 A.M., 1:50 A.M. (night); leave Bangor, 1:40 and 2:30 P.M., 11:20 A.M., 1:50 A.M. (night); leave Bangor for Portland at 8:30 A.M. and 1:05 P.M. for Lewiston and Farmington. Evening trains leave Portland at 6:10 A.M. for Lewiston, 6:05 P.M. for Brunswick, Bath, Augusta and Waterville.
The mid-day train connects for Rockland, Farmington, Phillips, Kimfield, Rangeley, North Ascutt, Skowhegan, Belfast, Dexter, Dover and Foxcroft and Backport, and night trains run every night between Portland and Bangor and Bar Harbor, connecting at Brunswick for Lewiston, Bath, and by waiting at Bangor, for Skowhegan, excepting Monday mornings and for Belfast, Dexter, and Skowhegan on Sunday mornings.
FOR PORTLAND, BOSTON, AND WASHINGTON: Leave Portland at 6:40 A.M. and 8:00 P.M. via Brunswick, 6:05 A.M. and 7:10 P.M. via Brunswick and Augusta, and 6:40 A.M. and 7:10 P.M. via Brunswick and Waterville. Leave Brunswick, 6:10 A.M. and 7:10 P.M. via Brunswick and Augusta, and 6:40 A.M. and 7:10 P.M. via Brunswick and Waterville. Leave Augusta, 6:40 A.M. and 7:10 P.M. via Brunswick and Waterville. Leave Waterville, 6:40 A.M. and 7:10 P.M. via Brunswick and Waterville. Leave Bangor, 6:40 A.M. and 7:10 P.M. via Brunswick and Waterville. Leave Bangor for Portland at 8:30 A.M. and 1:05 P.M. for Lewiston and Farmington. Evening trains leave Portland at 6:10 A.M. for Lewiston, 6:05 P.M. for Brunswick, Bath, Augusta and Waterville.
The mid-day express train runs daily, leaving Portland at 1:00 P.M. via Brunswick, 1:10 P.M. via Brunswick and Augusta, 1:25 P.M. via Lewiston and Waterville, 1:40 P.M. via Brunswick, 1:50 P.M. via Brunswick and Waterville. Leave Brunswick, 1:40 and 2:30 P.M., 11:20 A.M., 1:50 A.M. (night); leave Lewiston, 1:40 and 2:30 P.M., 11:20 A.M., 1:50 A.M. (night); leave Waterville, 1:40 and 2:30 P.M., 11:20 A.M., 1:50 A.M. (night); leave Bangor, 1:40 and 2:30 P.M., 11:20 A.M., 1:50 A.M. (night); leave Bangor for Portland at 8:30 A.M. and 1:05 P.M. for Lewiston and Farmington. Evening trains leave Portland at 6:10 A.M. for Lewiston, 6:05 P.M. for Brunswick, Bath, Augusta and Waterville.
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